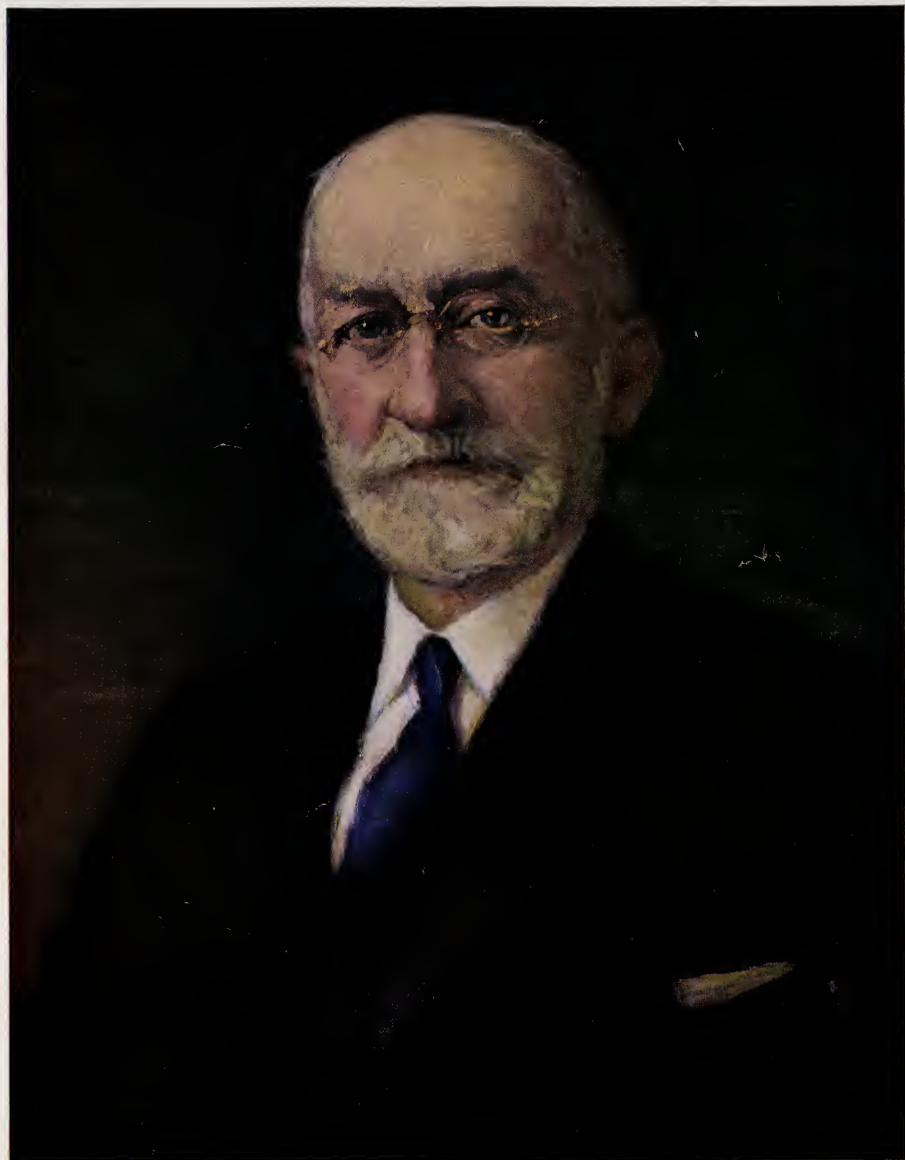


The Improvement Era

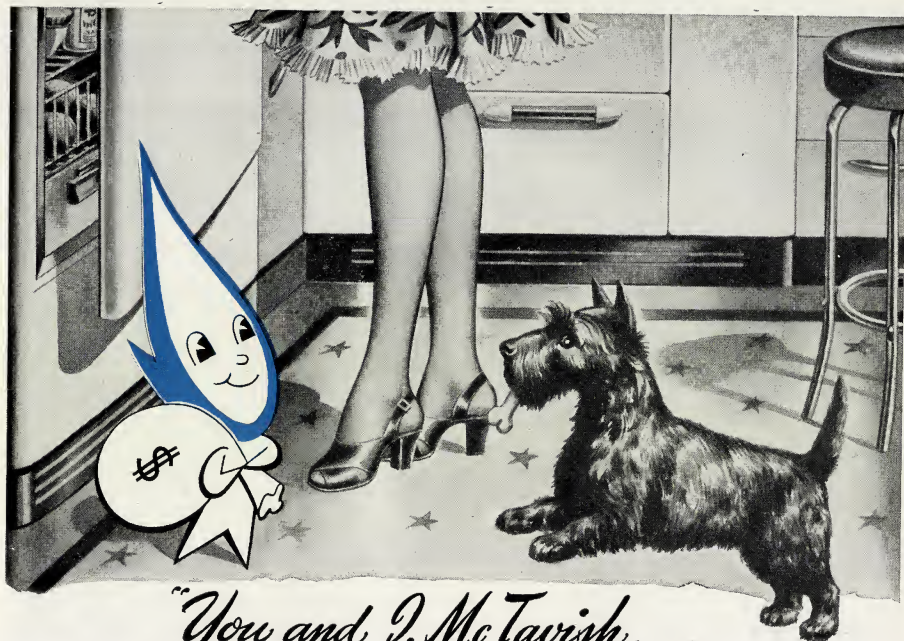
VOL. 48, NO. 6 ♦ JUNE ♦ NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE



NOVEMBER 22, 1856

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

MAY 14, 1945



"You and I, McTavish....."

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Exploring the Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

PERSONS sensitive to poison plants such as poison ivy or oak and swamp sumac can be made resistant to the itching inflammation of the skin that comes from touching these plants. Daily injections of one of the extracts, or the chemical urushiol from the lacquer trees of the Far East, given in increasingly large amounts, do the trick. But once poisoned, continued use of the extracts makes the victim worse instead of better.

IN the clearest ocean water, suspended plants can only grow down to a depth of three hundred feet under water, while plants growing on the bottom can grow in depths of 480 feet. At 750 feet below the surface there is only a hundred-thousandth the light on the surface. Fish can see down to about fifteen hundred feet and complete darkness for man's eyes is about two thousand feet down. The marine shelled animals can't tell the difference between day and night below about two thousand five hundred feet.

WHO is responsible for starting forest fires? The former chief of fire control of the United States Forest Service, Roy Headley, reported that smokers caused one quarter, incendiaries one quarter, debris burning fourteen percent, lightning eight percent, campers six percent, railroads four percent, lumbering two percent, and sixteen percent miscellaneous and unknown.

THE ideal water temperature range for dry fly fishing is from 50 to 65 degrees Fahrenheit. According to W. W. Michael when the water reaches 74 degrees it is almost impossible to interest a fish in any artificial fly.

THE manuscripts found in Egypt dating from the third century A.D., for the Christian writings, are about fifteen percent on rolls made of papyrus paper, seventy-eight percent on papyrus sheets in book form, and seven percent on parchment sheets made from carefully prepared sheets of leather, in book form. The non-Christian were almost all on papyrus rolls. A century later the Christian manuscripts were rarely written on rolls, but two-thirds of the time on papyrus in books, and the use of parchment had increased to one-third, with a similar trend for non-Christian manuscripts.

JUNE, 1945

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The Cover

THE full color process portrait of President Heber J. Grant which appears on this month's cover is recalled from the *Era* of November 1936—the special issue which honored President Grant on the occasion of the eightieth anniversary of his birth. The portrait, one of his favorites, was the work of John Willard Clawson, and the original, in oil, has hung for a number of years on the Board Room in the Church Office Building.

We are grateful for the privilege of honoring in death, as we did in life, our senior editor, the Lord's latter-day prophet, President Heber J. Grant—and we know that throughout the Church this reproduction will be appreciated, cherished, and preserved as a symbol of a character truly great whose passing we mourn and whose life we have been privileged to share.

✱

Editors

Heber J. Grant
Born:
November 22, 1856
Died:
May 14, 1945

George Albert Smith
President George Albert Smith has authorized us to announce that he has consented to serve as *The Improvement Era's* senior editor (a position also filled by his two immediate predecessors in the Presidency of the Church, Heber J. Grant and President Joseph F. Smith) and that "The Editor's Page," now long established, will carry messages from him. (See also page 335.)

John A. Widtsoe

Managing Editor

Richard L. Evans

Associate Editors

Marba C. Josephson
William Mulder
(on leave with the armed forces)

General Manager

George G. Morris

Associate Manager

Lucy G. Cannon

Business Manager

John D. Giles

The Improvement Era

JUNE, 1945

VOLUME 48, NO. 6

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

Official Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations, Department of Education, Music Committee, Ward Teachers, and Other Agencies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

JUNE 14, Flag Day. It will mean much to people throughout the world in 1945 because of the valiant part the United States has played in championing democracy. At best, the flag is merely a symbol of the dreams and aspirations, the ideals and the realization of the people who respect it. To all citizens of the United States, the day should bring solemn determination to assure continuity of the ideals which have made this country worthy of respect.

✱

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A Tribute TO MY FATHER

• By KENNETH S. BENNION

ONE November afternoon I hurried from the schoolhouse as soon as classes were dismissed, cut across the playground, crawled through a pole fence into a little shed where my black pony, Polly, waited impatiently to begin the journey to my home at the foot of the mountains, eight miles away.

The wind was strong from the south, the direction we had to travel. Clouds hung low, and already the storm was starting down from the higher peaks. By the time I had covered half the distance, flakes of snow began to fall in the valley, and they were whipped along in horizontal streaks by the stinging wind from ahead.

A few minutes later we rode into the advancing storm. Snow fell so thick it was almost suffocating, and the wind was so strong I could hardly face it. However, Polly ducked her head and kept galloping on as fast as she could. I was not prepared for such a storm, so I turned up my coat collar, pulled my hat low, and heartily wished I were three miles farther along the way.

The snow soon became three or four inches deep, and the pony slowed to a trot. Driving snow, thick as fog, made it impossible for me to see the road at all. Polly continued struggling onward, but was rapidly growing discouraged. The cold was so intense that my legs, hands, and face became numb. I could no longer hold the bridle reins, but had to hang them over the saddle horn.

It began to grow dark, and I wondered whether I could ever reach the shelter of my home. It was all I could do to stay in the saddle. Slower and slower we went. I had no idea whether we were still in the road, or how much farther we had to go.

Suddenly my pony pricked up her ears and nickered. I saw a shadow loom before me, and then I was buried in a great warm blanket that shut out the storm as completely as though I had ridden into a house and the door had been closed behind me. I heard the quick step of another horse, and my father's voice shouting encouragement.

The heat from my pony accumulated under the blanket. Soon I was warm and comfortable, and within a few minutes we were riding through the front gate.

SINCE that far-off day, there have come many storms—storms of temptation, of discouragement, of fear, doubt, and despair. Sometimes I have felt that I could not continue, but must give up and acknowledge defeat. But always at the darkest moment, at the time of most critical need, there have come to me words of counsel, of encouragement.

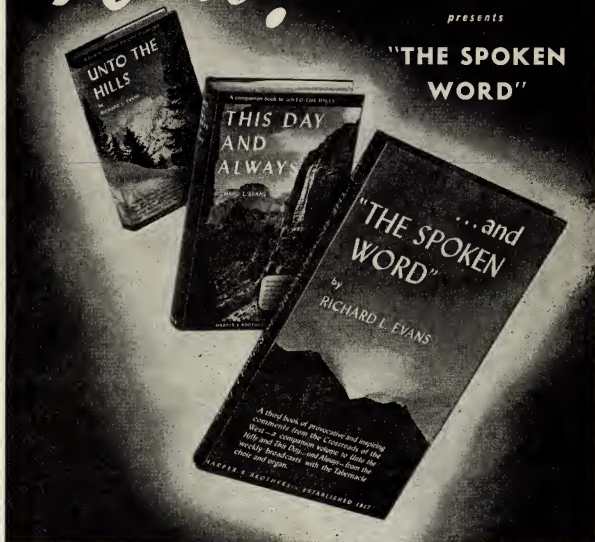
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—Richard L. Evans

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CONVERSATIONS AT TWILIGHT

Friendship

By ALICE EDDY LeCORNÜ



MONA LEAH dropped her beret and purse on a chair and then curled up on the braided rug in front of it. "Aunt Martha," she asked mournfully, "what's the matter with me?"

"Nothing too fundamental," replied Aunt Martha with a quick smile, "except a smudge of lipstick on your chin and a slightly disheveled coiffure, to put it elegantly and mildly."

Mona Leah's smile was dutiful but unresponsive. "I'm serious. People don't like me."

"Fiddlesticks!" Aunt Martha was emphatic. "That's nothing."

"What?"

"The important thing is, do you like people?"

"Oh, I see," said Mona Leah. "You mean that old saying about 'to have a friend you must be one.'"

"Yes, and being a friend involves doing something about it. If we want to succeed at anything else we work for it. If we want to win a prize we try hard, but too many of us sit back and expect friendship to come to us uninvited."

"I guess that's true. But it shouldn't be one-sided," persisted Mona Leah. "I try to be nice to people, but I can't see that anybody puts herself out for me. You say, do something about friends, but they should meet you half way, shouldn't they?"

"Who can say where that point is? We usually insist on drawing our own half-way mark and expect our friends to meet it. Our line may not seem so clear from the other side."

Mona Leah frowned in concentration on this idea.

"Besides," continued Aunt Martha, "to be a real friend perhaps we should be willing to go all the way. We think too much of getting, in friendship, and not enough of giving."

"Well, but you don't want people to think you're running after them."

"Why not? There's no harm in letting folks know you value their friendship. Now, mind you, I don't mean cultivating someone for the good he can do you, that's selfishness and not friendliness, but if you are offering sincere friendship, it's a compliment to make the advances."

"What if you get turned down?"

"Unpleasant, I'll admit, but it happens so seldom it's worth the effort, I think. This, however, seems to be a purely academic discussion. I suppose something specific happened to start it?"

"Well, I owe Emily a letter, but I can't remember her new address. Now I suppose she'll let us lose contact with each other because she's too stubborn to write out of turn."

"Why expect the worst of your friends? Give Emily the benefit of the doubt. You can have a letter forwarded from the old address."

"Never thought of that," admitted Mona Leah grudgingly; "it's worth trying."

"Another item?" prodded Aunt Martha.

"There's a new girl in our Mutual class, looks keen. I hoped she'd sort of pick me out, but she seems awfully standoffish—no, don't say it—I see now it's up to me to make the first move."

"Fine," applauded Aunt Martha, "but all this doesn't seem to prove that you're losing popularity."

"Well, this morning was a sort of last straw. I had to walk home from Sunday School alone, and it got me down."

"How did that happen?"

"I stopped to speak to Mrs. James, and the others went on. It wouldn't have hurt some of the kids to wait for me."

"Did you ask any of them to?"

"No, but they could see I was detained. I've waited for Barbara and Midge often enough! I won't again!"

"Of course not," agreed Aunt Martha. "They aren't worth keeping as friends, anyway."

Mona Leah looked up quickly. "Well, yes, they are," she admitted honestly. "They're really grand girls." She jumped up and gestured grandly. "You're right, as usual. I love everybody. I'm going out and cultivate friends all over the place, make two bloom where but one grew before!"

"If you're going to Mutual," laughed Aunt Martha, glancing at the clock, "you haven't much time. Don't forget that smudge."

"I'm practically on the way," Mona Leah assured her. She took a comb and compact from her purse and crossed to the mirror. "I'll telephone that new girl and see if she'd like to have me call for her," she planned as she deftly freshened herself and arranged her beret, "and we can pick up Midge, too. Thanks for the pointers. 'A friend in need is a friend indeed,'" she quoted as she paused at the door to smile at Aunt Martha. "Good-bye, Aunt Indeedy!"

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DEAR DAD

By Howard Leon Whetten
of the U.S. Armed Forces

TONIGHT I'm not thinking of battles won
Or bombs we've dropped on the rising sun.

Nor am I thinking of the fight today,
Where death-spitting zeros flame and sway.
No, I am not thinking of days to come,
When war will cease and victory's won,
When there'll be peace for all mankind—
These things are not running through my mind.

I am thinking instead of days gone by
When as a boy my dad and I
Rode the range away back there,
Or sat at night by the bright campfire.
With the day's work done and the horses
fed
He would say, "Come, son, it is the time for
bed."

And under the sky where the stars are fair,
He would kneel with me in evening prayer.

I am thinking again of lessons taught,
By his kindly deeds and honest thought.
To me as I into manhood grow
He taught me things that I should know.
He said, "Remember this, my son,
While on this earth, there's a race to run—
A race between happiness and strife
At the finish, death, or eternal life!
Keep pure and strong and straight, my son,
And God will guide you till you've won."

I'm thinking now of what he said—
As he held me close, and a tear was shed.
"Go, my son, and go in peace;
God will guard you with his grace.
If you will live this gospel plan,
As Jesus taught to the sons of man,
And if you will those symbols wear,
No hostile bullet shall through them tear.
And let not hate be in your realm.
Remember, God is at the helm."

And so tonight I am at peace,
Though all around hate does increase.
For I am thinking not of strife,
But of my dad, who shaped my life.
Who taught me how, in darkest hour
To lift my voice to God in prayer.
And though the way be hard and long,
To make it lighter with a song.

Oh, how I wish that every lad
Had such an honest, loving dad.

SO NEAR

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

THE world is shrinking since a plane
Can travel swifter than a train.
So carelessly we rove and race,
No land is now a distant place.

Have we kept the faith? Our missions
seek

To save the lost, to heal the weak.
Our brothers call, we can but hear,
In this new world we are so near.

TO THINK

By J. Orval Ellsworth

THE human mind seems lazy,
To think is such a task,
To use one's brain is effort,
More simple just to ask.

Poetry

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL

By Irene Stanley

I WISH I might have seen her then,
This pensive country maiden,
When she was scarcely four-and-ten,
With great brown eyes dream-laden;

With slim brown fingers curled around
Gold lilies no less freckled,
Or parting rushes where they found
Marsh-birds' eggs, plain or speckled!

When she caressed the meadow lamb
I wish I might have known her!
But most of all, how glad I am
You never have outgrown her!



—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

Dear Son: South Pacific

"You're walking now," Mother writes to me.
You're as proud and tickled as you can be.
Sturdy legs trudging from morning till night,
Checking to see that things are done right.
In each chubby hand you hold a toy
And squeal as you walk, to express your
joy;

While your eyes glow with a starlight
gleam
(That son of mine I've never seen.)

I wasn't there the day you were born
Early one frosty winter morn.

I missed your first tooth and your first real
smile

(Though in spirit I've been with you all the
while)

Your snapshots are tacked on the barracks
wall.

I know what you weigh and just how tall
You stand—but to hold you—you know
what I mean,
(That son of mine that I have never seen.)

We have another life to look forward to,
After we see this conflict through.
If I am lucky enough to be homeward bound
There is one little guy I want around;
To buy you a pup, a train, a bike,
To teach you to fish and enjoy a good hike.
I will give you a life that is free and clean
(That son of mine that I have never seen.)

With all my love,

Dad

Pfc. Dilworth Charles Strasser

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



NEW WAR CRY in Apache Land on Southern Pacific's Golden State Route

This is Southern Arizona.

This is the land of cowboys and Indians, and mysterious mountains . . . of lush and fruitful valleys reclaimed from the desert.

Once this region rang with Apache war cries.

Today a new war cry echoes from the mesas. It is the stirring whistles of war freights and troop trains as they roll irresistibly westward toward Japan. All day long you can hear them rumbling through the cactus forests. All night you can see their headlights in the distance.

It takes real railroading to "keep 'em rolling" in this rugged western country. Southern Pacific rails rise from fantastic desert country that lies below sea level to towering snow-covered mountain summits.

Look at the map and you will see why the war job assigned to Southern Pacific is one of the biggest among the railroads. Our rails serve the main West Coast ports of embarkation, from San Diego to Portland. In addition we serve more military and naval

establishments than any other line.

Today Southern Pacific is carrying *five times* the passenger traffic of 1940, with about the same number of cars as we had then. Our freight load has more than doubled. So you see why we ask you to postpone non-essential use of our rails until the war is over.

* * * * *

When pleasure trips are possible again, we hope you'll come West on Southern Pacific's GOLDEN STATE ROUTE. You will ride the famous *Golden State Limited* or *Californian*, stopover at El Paso for the side trip to Carlsbad Caverns National Park . . . perhaps vacation at a Southern Arizona guest ranch or resort, or in Palm Springs.

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On our SUNSET ROUTE from New Orleans across the Deep South and mighty Texas; on our OVERLAND ROUTE, tracing the trail of the Pony Express and Covered Wagons, through

the Rockies, across Great Salt Lake and over the High Sierra; on our SHASTA ROUTE through the Pacific Northwest; on our GOLDEN STATE ROUTE through El Paso and Southern Arizona . . .

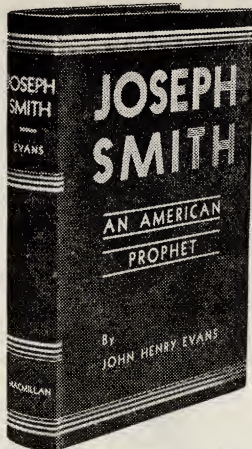
Night and day the war trains must roll until the enemy is defeated.



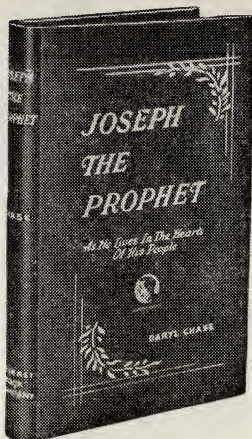
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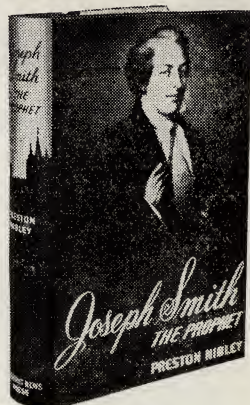
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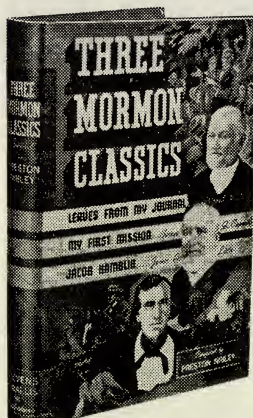
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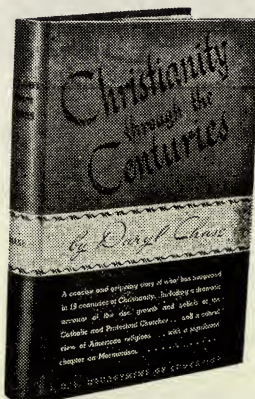
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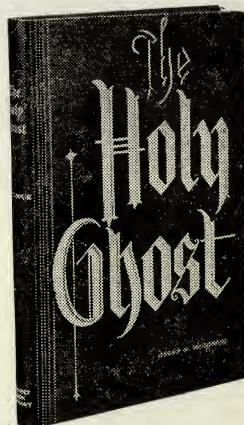
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The following books: Herewith find \$.....

Some of the

FAVORITE POETRY

of President Heber J. Grant

Two stanzas from Oliver Goldsmith's
"The Deserted Village":

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has
made
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began
When every rood of ground maintained its
man.
For him light labor spread her wholesome
store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no
more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

From James Russell Lowell's "Vision
of Sir Launfal":

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds
three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me.

The poem, "Age," much quoted by
President Grant, has become the favorite
of many other persons because of
his affection for it:

Age is a quality of mind:
If your dreams you've left behind,
If hope is cold,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead,
Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the zest,
If love you hold;
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

—Author unknown.

During the last war, Heber J. Grant,
then president of the Council of the
Twelve, was chairman of the Utah
Liberty Loan Drive. In his speeches in
that behalf he usually read this poem,
which has long since become one of his
favorites:

THREE LESSONS

There are three lessons I would write
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracing of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have faith, though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn.
But out of the darkness from the brow:
No night but hath its morn.

Have hope, where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm distorts the tempest's mirth,
Know this, God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love—not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter as the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

—Friedrich v. Schiller
(Concluded on page 370)



"almost like a Fels-Naptha wash!"

"Sunny wash days are wonderful! 'Specially now, when I
can't always get Fels-Naptha.

"Wash day weather never bothered me when Fels-
Naptha Soap was plentiful. On rainy days I'd do a whole
wash with Fels-Naptha, hang it in the basement and my
things would be as white and sweet as though they'd
dried in the sun.

"Oh, well . . . as long as the Fels people are making
soap for my Jim and the other boys in the service, I can't
complain. And I guess we'll have our Fels-Naptha Soap
back before long . . ."

We like to think the average American wife or mother
says something like this as she carries on without ordi-
nary necessities—like Fels-Naptha Soap.

We wish she could have Fels-Naptha Soap for *every*
wash day. But while we're making soap that helps keep
Jim the cleanest fighting man in the world, sometimes
she'll have to do without.

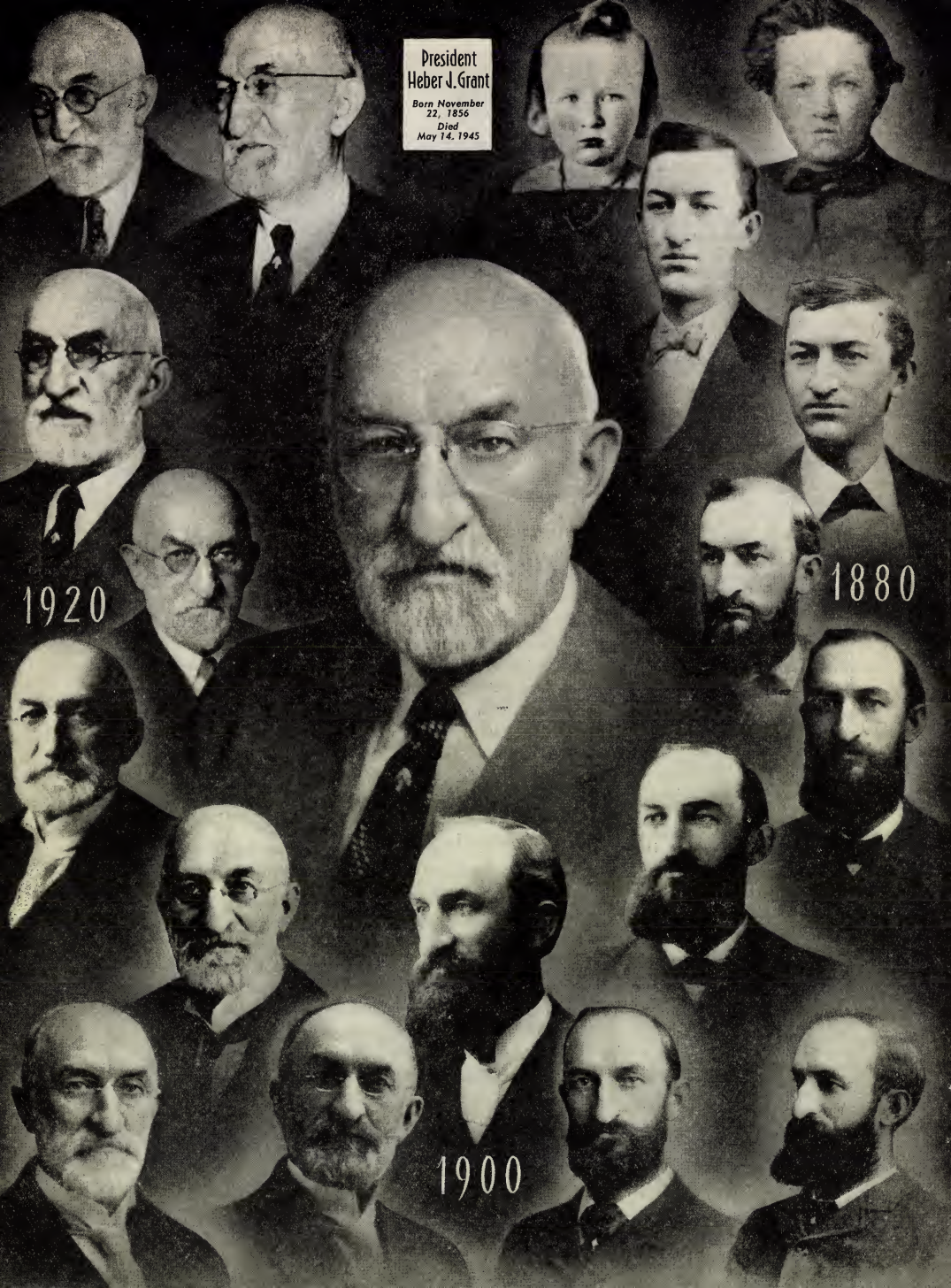
And the lady in the picture is right . . . she'll have her
Fels-Naptha Soap back, before long.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "ATTLE-TALE GRAY"

President
Heber J. Grant

Born November
22, 1856
Died
May 14, 1945



1920

1880

1900

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

FOR more than forty-seven years, President Grant, as business manager, and later as editor, has given generously and earnestly of his great energy, first to the founding, and later to the continuing mission of this magazine.

For more than one hundred months this page in the *Era* has carried messages from and news of its senior editor, Heber J. Grant, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Monday evening, May 14, 1945, our Father in Heaven, who measures out the days and the years of men, saw fit to relieve him of the cares of this life. But whatever the nature of the physical cares which nearly eighty-nine years of strenuous living visited upon him, in spirit there was always about him a refreshment. His was the outlook of one who knew that men may die—but never grow old. As between time and eternity it mattered little to him. Those who live there were as real to him as those who live here. And none who knew him could doubt his conviction. And now he has gone to that place which was as real to him as this one.

The many things he was and the much that he did in even so long a space of years is beyond cataloging here and now. For some suggestion as to the variety and scope of his accomplishments, we refer the reader to all past issues of the *Era*, and to all the other chronicles of the Church. Elsewhere in this issue are the remarks made at his funeral services by his beloved and trusted brethren. His funeral service, Friday, May 18, 1945, at 12:15 was the occasion for the opening of the Salt Lake Tabernacle to the public for the first time in more than three years. The thousands who were there, and who filled, in addition, the Assembly Hall and the temple grounds, and those, also, who were turned away, expressed by their presence their own silent tributes. The thousands more who reverently passed by his casket, hour after hour, Thursday night and Friday morning, as it lay in state in the Church Office Building, added their tribute also. The closing of Salt Lake City business houses and institutions, some for two days, some for one, and some for the hours of the funeral, together with the profusion of floral offerings, many ordered by wire from throughout the nation—and the presence of many distinguished guests, some of whom traveled far to be there—all testified of the worldwide esteem which President Grant had earned and been accorded in his eighty-eight and a half years of going about the world.

President Grant is gone—but the Lord's latter-day work will go on, as he would wish it, as it has done, ever increasingly, following the passing of six previous Presidents of the Church in this dispensation.

For his family, and for all who were near to him in life, we pray for comfort—the blessed comfort that comes to those who mourn in righteousness. His friends and loved ones have quietly laid to rest the body which is of earth—but we know that he lives, in the kingdom of our Father whom he served all the days of his life, and whose work he will be doing, even now, with all the restless energy for righteousness for which he has been known among men for nearly eighty-nine years past.

We are grateful for the example of his life, for the conviction of his testimony, for the favorable condition of the Church as he leaves it. And we are grateful for those who shall carry on the Lord's latter-day work under the same divine appointment.

Honoring President Heber J. Grant

THIS days following the passing of President Heber J. Grant were days of mourning and of honor to his memory. On Monday evening, Radio Station KSL offered a memorial program by Seidon Heaps and Harry Clarke from 9:30 to 10:00 p.m.

Thursday evening a special commemorative broadcast was given with the Tabernacle Choir and Organ, over KSL from 9:30 to 10:00 p.m., with a "Spoken Word" tribute to President Grant.

Thursday evening and Friday morning the body lay in state in the Church Office Building which President Grant loved so much, and more than twelve thousand persons passed before it in love and respect.

Friday at 12:00 noon the procession from the Church Office Building started on foot to accompany the funeral car to the Tabernacle. The priesthood officers proceeded in the following order: the Council of the Twelve, the Assistants to the Twelve, the First Council of the Seventy, the Presiding Bishopric, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., President David O. McKay, the hearse, representatives of state presidencies. The line of march was from the Church Office Building to the south gate of Temple Square, to the southwest door of the Tabernacle. The General Authorities then took their places in their regular seats, while the state presidencies filled the southwest center section of the Tabernacle. The family, escorted in cars from President Grant's home, entered

the north door of the Tabernacle and occupied the northwest center section of the building.

Radio stations, KSL of Salt Lake City, KSUB of Cedar City, KVNII of Logan, all Utah stations, and KIO of Idaho Falls, carried a special broadcast describing the Tabernacle scene, originating with KSL from 12:00 noon until the services began at 12:15, with Richard L. Evans as commentator. Beginning at 12:15 the entire funeral services were broadcast over the same stations.

President George Albert Smith presided at the services, with President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., conducting. The opening prayer was offered by Joseph F. Smith, Patriarch to the Church; the closing prayer by LeGrand Richards, Presiding Bishop. The speakers were President George Albert Smith, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and President David O. McKay. The Tabernacle Choir under the direction of J. Spencer Cornwall, with Frank W. Asper and Alexander Schreiner at the organ, sang some of President Grant's favorite hymns. The grave was dedicated in the City Cemetery by President Antoine R. Ivins of the First Council of the Seventy.

The Sunday evening radio service over KSL (9:00-9:30 p.m., May 20) honored President Grant by recalling his recorded voice from General Conferences of past years, giving his testimony and exhortation to the Church and the world. Jessie Evans Smith sang for this occasion. Program commentary was by Richard L. Evans, Alexander Schreiner was at the Tabernacle Organ.

NOTE: In addition to all that appears on President Grant in this issue, we refer our readers, for writings by him and about him, to all past issues, and especially to his eightieth anniversary issue of November 1936.

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

Address delivered during funeral services for President Heber J. Grant, held Friday, May 18, 1945, in the Salt Lake Tabernacle

By President George Albert Smith

OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

I HAVE occupied this pulpit many times, but my soul has never been subdued as it is today.

Observing this great audience of friends, and realizing that many thousands more are listening in I sense the responsibility that attaches to occupying any time here today. Sitting near the remains of our beloved departed brother is the faithful, devoted family of President Heber J. Grant, who has finished his work and gone to his reward. If I could say anything that would bring comfort to them, I would be grateful. I feel my weakness, and desire most sincerely that the Lord will inspire me to voice that which he would have me say.

Assembled on this solemn occasion, near the casket containing a dear one, our feelings are naturally subdued, and if this were the last time we were to be with him, it would to me be a most distressing situation; but it is not so in this case. This man who has been summoned home by our Heavenly Father has concluded his mortal life in honor, but we will be with him again in immortality if we are worthy. Born eighty-eight years ago, most of his life has been devoted to faithfully seeking to divide the truth of our Lord with his fellow men. For more than forty years I have been one of his companions who have upon their shoulders the responsibility of disseminating the gospel of Jesus Christ in all parts of the world. During that period of time he has served in Japan, in the European countries, in Canada and Mexico, and in all of the states of the United States of America.

Our work has enabled us to mingle with hundreds of thousands of our brothers and sisters, and all men are our brothers and all women are our sisters. We are all the children of our Eternal Father. Many of the dear ones that we have associated with have long since passed away, and those of us who remain and understand are waiting for the time when we too will receive our summons and will have their companionship again.

THERE are those in the world who apparently cannot believe, or who do not believe, the information contained in the Holy Bible that there is a resurrection for all those who die and that Jesus Christ was the first fruits of that resurrection. He came into the world, sent by his Heavenly Father to organize a church and to develop in the lives of its members an understanding of the purpose of life and to prepare them for eternal happiness, not only upon this earth in mortality, but for eternity. To-

day we are met in honor of one of his departed sons who has performed a great work. He was a giant among men and he has radiated hope and courage and peace among hundreds of thousands of his brothers and sisters, our Father's children.

It would be tragic if a man, when he grew to be as old as our brother, were compelled to remain distressed and helpless in mortality, continuing on and on without the ability to longer enjoy life here. And so the Lord has decreed that we all come into the world in the same way, our time here being limited. We all have an opportunity to enjoy happiness in mortality, and then, if we have been wise, we pass on, prepared for eternal happiness in the celestial kingdom when this earth that we dwell upon shall be cleansed and purified by fire and will be presided over by our Heavenly Father and by our elder brother, Jesus Christ, as one of their dominions. With that assurance in our lives, death is not such a serious matter.

I am thinking, as I stand here talking to you, that more of my dear ones are on the other side than are here, and it will not be long in the natural course of events before I, too, will receive my summons to pass on. I am not looking forward to that time with anxiety and distress, but with hope and with the assurance that the change, when it occurs, will be for increasing happiness and advantages that we cannot know in mortality.

I wish that all of the people in the world—all our Father's children—could understand the scriptures that have been given to us by the Lord and preserved by his servants. They are replete with assurance of the resurrection and of eternal life. Of course the outstanding evidence was that of Jesus Christ our Lord who was crucified at Calvary, removed from the cross, and laid away in a tomb. Those witnessing this great event supposed that would be the last time they would ever see him, but in three days he left the tomb, in three days his spirit had entered his immortal tabernacle, and he was among his associates again.

He first appeared to Mary. She didn't recognize him until he called her by name. No doubt she would have embraced him, but he said,

... Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God. (John 20:17.)

Mary was the first one in mortality to know of the resurrection. It is beautiful to me that to womankind has always

come the first knowledge of a new life. Woman is the first to know that there is to be another birth. In the case of the resurrection it was to woman that our Lord gave the first actual knowledge that death was not the end, but that resurrection had overcome death and that we would live forever.

Upon one occasion the Savior appeared to his former associates. They were gathered together and somewhat concerned. He came among them without warning, and they were frightened. They thought that they saw an apparition. They didn't realize that he could appear and disappear at will with the power that he had attained. When he discovered their predicament, he said:

Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. (Luke 24:39.)

As if to further convince these disciples he said unto them:

Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And he took it, and did eat before them. (Luke 24:41-43.)

They then became convinced that it was their risen Lord who had been raised from the dead. Thereafter he met with his disciples several times and talked to them.

THE disciples seemed not to understand at that time as we do now that we shall all follow the same course and in due time we shall all be raised from the dead. It was the knowledge of this glorious truth that enriched President Grant's life and made him the great missionary that he was. It was the knowledge of that truth that enabled him to labor for the young people of the Church and of the world. He was always interested in the development of youth. Notwithstanding his ability along many other lines, his major anxiety in life was the development of the sons and daughters of the Living God.

He not only believed what was found in the Old and New Testament scripture, with reference to our life here and hereafter, but he possessed other evidence. When a young woman his mother identified herself with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints which was so unpopular at that time that through persecution it had been driven from place to place. Soon after she joined the Church all of the people of the city of Nauvoo, Illinois, and vicinity, approximately twenty thousand, were driven from their homes into the wilderness. They faced the setting sun to make their homes with the wild beasts

(Continued on page 370)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

By President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

Address delivered during funeral services for President Heber J. Grant, held Friday, May 18, 1945, in the Salt Lake Tabernacle

I KNOW that I shall need for words to express the things that are in my heart. Memories crowd in upon me and make this task most difficult.

I want to endorse every good thing—and all has been good today, that has been said about President Grant—I endorse every good thing that anybody shall say about him, for he was a rare spirit who lived righteously and drew from our Heavenly Father the blessings which come to those who keep and obey his commandments. The family have extended to all who have helped them in these trying times their voices of gratitude, and now for the Church I want to extend to the family and to each and every of them the gratitude of the Church for what they have done, the help they have rendered, the care they have taken, the love they have lavished not only upon their father but upon him who was the head of Christ's Church on earth, the Presiding High Priest of that Church. God will never forget nor cease to give unto them blessings for this great service which they have rendered.

President Grant honored me with his friendship, and today I stand here rather as one of those who mourn; I feel my place might well have been among them. I hope that you daughters and your husbands and the grandchildren and particularly Sister Grant will carry in your hearts not the sorrow of passing but the joy and the blessings which have been yours over all these years, from his association. You children remember that he gave you bodies untainted by sin or disease. Remember the blessing that he has given you in your minds, none of them beclouded, all of them outstanding. Remember the faith he has taught you and lived with you. Remember his testimony, increasing with the years until no fact of life was surer than the spiritual things which he has taught to you. And in your hours of affliction go to the Lord. He will hear you. You have great faith and great knowledge. I do not need to preach to you, but I want to tell you that out of my own experience I know God lives and hears and answers prayers. Go to him, he will hearken, he will answer.

Christ said:

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

In the chamber, eating the last supper, to the sorrowing and bewildered apostles, he said,

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I

JUNE, 1945

unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

And so to you, the family, especially Sister Grant, I say, go to the Lord, for he will help.

And now to the family I would like to say that almost a million of us mourn with you deeply, sincerely. I would like to say to that million who so mourn, be of good cheer, God still rules, Jesus is the Christ; the Holy Ghost will give you inspiration and comfort.

We face a time that has been faced before by the Church. We have lost an able and well-beloved leader, but God will raise up another, for the work of the Lord must go on. President Grant often told of the last remark made to him by President Joseph F. Smith who said to him, "The Lord knows whom he wants for President of the Church and the Lord never makes a mistake."

After Christ's resurrection and after he had been seen on the day and the week following, he seemed to have left them, whereupon Peter said to James and John and others, "I go fishing," and he and they went. But that was not the course which the Lord had mapped out, so they came back and went to work. And so we who mourn, we of the Church, must not be sad, must not feel forsaken, must not give up. We must find ourselves for a greater service, because God expects us to carry on.

Again to Sister Grant and the family, may the Lord bless you and comfort you, may he give you everything your hearts desire in the matter of condolence and resignation, that your lives may be happy. May he strengthen your faith, may he build your testimony that you children and grandchildren may be worthy of this great sire.

God bless his memory to all of us; keep it clean and bright with us. May we, day by day, more and more, come to understand and appreciate so that we may be able to follow along and live as he lived. May we carry his testimony, given time after time, in our hearts, that we may not wander from the truth but do the things which he would expect us to do, that he may say on the other side, "Father, see what those I helped to teach are doing and are able to do." He has gone to a real place, to live a real life, to do a real service, and to that same place we shall all go.

God bless us all in this hour of sorrow, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus. Amen.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEARS IN THE OFFICIAL MINISTRY OF PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

1856—November 22nd: Born at Salt Lake City, Utah, son of Jedediah M. Grant, second counselor to Brigham Young, and first mayor of Salt Lake City, and Rachel Ridgeway Ivins Grant

1856—December 1st: Death of his father

1864—June 22nd: Baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

1875—June 10th: Made a member of the presidency of the Salt Lake City Thirtieth Ward Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, which was the first ward organization effected by Julius F. Wells under direct appointment of Brigham Young

1876—June 16th: Ordained a seventy by Edward Stevenson

1880—April 6th: Chosen secretary to the general superintendency of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association

1880—October 30-31st: Called by President John Taylor to preside over the Tooele Stake of Zion, before he was twenty-four years of age

1880—October 31st: Ordained a high priest by John Taylor

1882—October 13th: Called to become an apostle through a revelation to President John Taylor.

1882—October 16th: Ordained an apostle by George Q. Cannon and became a member of the Council of the Twelve

1897—Became a member of the general superintendency of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association

1897—November: Became business manager of *The Improvement Era*, of which he was one of the principal founders

1901—August 12th: Organized and presided over the Japanese Mission

1903—September 8th: Released from the presidency of the Japanese Mission

1904—January 1st: Became president of the British and European Missions

1906—December 5th: Released from the presidency of the British and European Missions

1916—November 23rd: Became president of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

1918—November 23rd: Became president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

1919—November 27th: Dedicated the Hawaiian Temple, Laie, Hawaii

1923—August 26th: Dedicated the Alberta Temple, Cardston, Alberta, Canada

1927—October 23rd: Dedicated the Arizona Temple, Mesa, Arizona

1937—June-September: Tour of the European Missions

1945—May 14th: Died peacefully in his Salt Lake City home, mourned alike by a sorrowing Church and his many friends throughout the world

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

Address delivered during funeral services for President Heber J. Grant, held Friday, May 18, 1945, in the Salt Lake Tabernacle

By President David O. McKay
OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

BRETHREN and Sisters:

What we all had hoped would be deferred indefinitely has happened. We must now face the inevitable. Though he came gradually and peacefully, death has silenced the voice and stilled the heartbeats of our esteemed, our beloved President Heber J. Grant. The last curtain dropped on the earthly stage of activity last Monday, May 14, in his vine-covered cottage approximately one mile from where President Grant was born eighty-eight years ago. This is his home city; he has contributed to its growth from the ox-team days to the airplane era. Among the Authorities, President Grant is the last link connecting the Pioneers with the younger generation.

The first intimation of failing health came to him just five years ago when he was making an official visit to the stakes in Southern California. On Sunday, February 4, 1940, accompanied by Elder Joseph Anderson, his secretary, and President W. Aird Macdonald of the California Mission, President Grant attended the Inglewood Stake conference. As he stepped out of the car he fell, but insisted upon entering the chapel where he took his place on the rostrum. Elder Anderson whispered to Elder George Albert Smith, who was in charge of that conference, that President Grant was not feeling very well and would not be able to speak. However, the President returned in the afternoon and spoke about thirty-five or forty minutes with his usual vigor. The next morning, however, as he attempted to get out of bed, he fell to the floor with an attack similar to the one that he had had the day before. Four of us then accompanied him to the hospital. His speech was affected and his left side was helpless. That was five years ago.

His recovery has been remarkable; his return to normal activity little short of miraculous. The Church was again blessed with his outstanding leadership and inspiration. Though his sickness left him slightly impaired physically, his intellectual acumen remained as keen, and his responsiveness to inspiration as ready as when the Lord first called him to be his chosen representative.

It was not until the last year or so that his physical energy began to wane; yet his dauntless, unconquerable spirit urged him to activity even until the last. He came to the office when he had to be carried in a wheel chair. He signed his letters until that almost perfect penmanship could scarcely be recognized as his. Not until Friday, May 11, when he was so weak that he could not turn in bed unaided, did he consent to our

using his signature stamp. Sunday, May 13, being short of breath, he said: "I'm feeling pretty bad." To the question, "Have you any pain, President Grant?" he replied, "No, none, for which I am very thankful."

Those were the last words that I heard him speak.

FROM OBSCURITY TO EMINENCE

JUDGING from the viewpoint of earthly possessions, President Grant's boyhood, inconspicuous as it was, and sometimes ridiculed, was spent on the borderline of poverty; yet, from humble circumstances, by force of energy, intellectual brilliance, determination, and persistence, he rose to high honors in business as well as in ecclesiastical realms.

The presence today of hundreds of you prominent business men bears eloquent testimony of the respect and honor he achieved among you.

At his death President Grant was president and director of eight financial institutions (several of which he himself was founder), and, until recently, a director of the Union Pacific Railroad. President Grant is nationally recognized for his sound judgment and clear vision on economic questions, and, greatest and most honorable of all, through worthiness and service, became the President of the Church, the chosen representative of the Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

As long as memory and the written word last, the name of this noble man will connote the esteem, honor, and praise that accompany a successful life.

The writer of the following verses might well have had President Grant in mind. Slightly paraphrased—

He was a man who faced what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fought the daily battle without fear;
Saw his hopes fail, yet kept unflinching trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and
just

His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Was shed when fortune, which the world
holds dear,

Fell from his grasp; better, he said, with love
a crust

Than to live in dishonor; envied not,
Nor lost faith in man; but did his best,
Nor ever mourned over his humbler lot,
But with a smile and words of hope, he gave
 zest

To every toiler; he alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

EARLY INFLUENCES

EARLY in his youth there was developed in his young soul a spirit of independence and determination that later made him outstanding among his

associates. You who have heard President Grant tell about those early days cannot doubt that in the humble surroundings and spiritual atmosphere of his boyhood home were formed those sterling traits of character which in maturity made him so distinguished.

President Grant always spoke with deference and heartfelt appreciation of his noble inheritance from both his parents.

God in mere caprice does not give to one child noble, and to another ignoble parents. Spirits come through the lineage for which they have prepared themselves in their pre-existent state. To the Bushmen of Australia, for example, come those spirits whose standards of intelligence and spiritual development merit only such parentage. To the Virgin Mary, came the Son of God.

Deprived of a father's companionship, President Grant appreciated all the more deeply the transforming power of a mother's love. It was she who changed his timidity to courage; his self-depreciation to self-confidence; impetuosity to self-control; lack of initiative to perseverance; feminine tendencies to manly qualities.

With these and other sterling traits of character, there was implanted in his early life a tenderness that could come only from the heart of his mother. Some will be surprised, I know, to hear me testify that tenderness was a deep spring in President Grant's soul, the clearness and purity of which are known best, however, only by his loved ones and close associates.

PERSEVERANCE AND SELF-DISCIPLINE

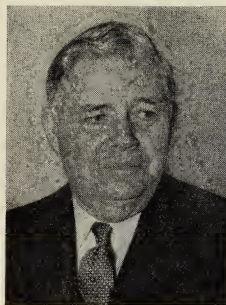
I HAVE never known a man who exemplified so completely the mastery of mind over matter—whose will could so masterfully bring under subjection physical whims and desires. Perseverance and self-mastery are qualities that will always be connoted with the name of Heber J. Grant.

HIS GRATITUDE

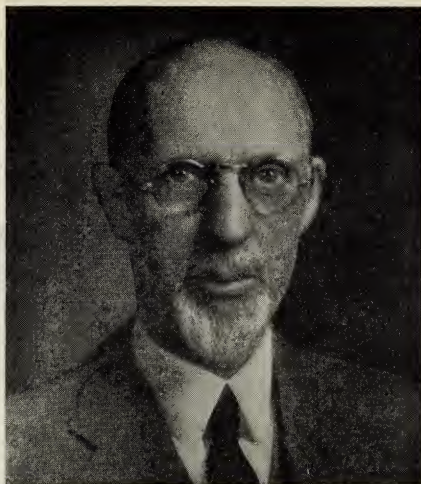
One of his last remarks to Bishop Anderson, one of his grandsons-in-law, was an expression of his deep appreciation of the love and tender service of which he was recipient. The gratitude manifest in that conversation was another of his outstanding virtues. Sometimes, judging from outward indications, President Grant seemed indifferent, and those who did not know him well might have considered him ungrateful. Notwithstanding this, I say, true gratitude was one of the fundamental qualities of his soul. "I am grateful beyond my

(Concluded on page 361)

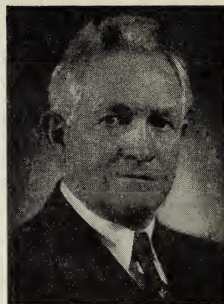
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.



PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH
Eighth President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

Becomes Eighth President of the Church

WE have delayed this issue of *The Improvement Era* to permit the publication of the addresses delivered at the funeral services for President Heber J. Grant. And now, as we go to press late, action is taken in which President George Albert Smith is sustained and set apart as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by unanimous vote, at a meeting of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, held in the Salt Lake Temple, Monday, May 21, 1945.

President Smith chose as his counselors in the First Presidency, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and President David O. McKay, as first and second counselors, respectively, in which capacity each previously served under President Grant. At the same meeting, President George F. Richards, senior member of the Council of the Twelve, was sustained as president of the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

President Smith was set apart by Elder George F. Richards, following which President Smith set apart President Clark, President McKay, and President Richards to their respective positions.

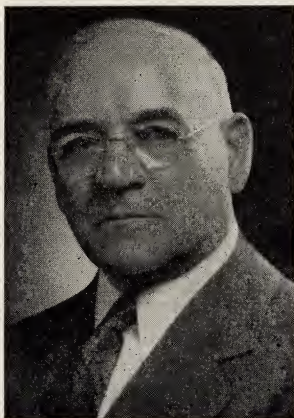
We shall have more to say in our next issue concerning these men and their lives, their positions, and their Church service.

Meanwhile, President George Albert Smith has authorized us to announce that he has consented to serve as *The Improvement Era's* senior editor (a position also filled by his two immediate predecessors, President Heber J. Grant and President Joseph F. Smith), and

PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., AND PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY CHOSEN AS COUNSELORS IN THE FIRST PRESIDENCY. PRESIDENT GEORGE F. RICHARDS BECOMES PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

that the Editor's Page, now long established, will carry messages from him.

President George Albert Smith, a man



PRESIDENT GEORGE F. RICHARDS
Of the Council of the Twelve

of wide friendships, of kindly heart, of rich experience, and of earnest devotion, has served the Church as one of its General Authorities for nearly forty-two years—since October 8, 1903, when he took his place in the Council of the Twelve, at which time, at the age of thirty-three, he was ordained an apostle by President Joseph F. Smith. The new President of the Church observed the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth last April 4. For nearly two years prior to becoming President of the Church, he had served the Church as President of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles—to which office he was set apart July 8, 1943, following the death of President Rudger Clawson.

For more concerning the life and lineage of President George Albert Smith we refer our readers to the article, "Who Was 'Uncle John Smith,'" on page 336 of this issue, and to the July issue of the *Era*. The July issue will also carry an article on President George F. Richards, who has served the Church as an apostle for more than thirty-nine years—since April 9, 1906, at which time he was forty-five years of age. President Richards observed the eighty-fourth anniversary of his birth last February 23.

WHO WAS "UNCLE

By Milton R. Hunter, PH.D.

OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY,
AND L. D. S. INSTITUTE OF RELIGION, LOGAN, UTAH

SMITH (the most common proper name in the English language) and John (an appellation which parents have bestowed upon thousands of children from ancient times to the present day) have designated a multitude of human beings. In early days of Mormon history, there were several men by the name of "John Smith." It is very easy for writers to confuse these numerous Smiths when dealing with manuscripts which in many instances give no more than a meager account of some of these men. It is quite probable that such errors have been made, and made perhaps on a number of occasions. For this reason we approach the question of "Who is 'Uncle John Smith?'"

He was one of seven sons of Asael and Mary Duty Smith and an uncle of the Prophet Joseph, and for this reason we today call him "Uncle John Smith." Sometimes the Prophet referred to him in those terms. On July 16, 1781, he was born in Derryfield (now Manchester), Rockingham County, New Hampshire. When thirty-four years of age, he married Clarissa Lyman. To them were born three children—George Albert, Caroline, and John Lyman.

Uncle John was a devout servant of Jesus Christ and at all times a strong defender of gospel principles. It can be truly said of him as the Shunammite woman said of Elisha, "I perceive that this is an holy man of God." The gospel was first brought to him by his brother, Joseph—the Prophet's father—which resulted in his baptism on January 9, 1832. For several years previous to his baptism, Uncle John Smith had been in poor health, and during the latter six months he had been in no condition to leave the house far enough to go to his barn. In fact, the physicians had pronounced him in the last stages of consumption. In the words of his son, George A.:

His neighbors all believed that baptism would kill him. I cut the ice in the creek, and broke a road for forty rods through the crust on two feet of snow; the day was very cold; the neighbors looked on with astonishment, expecting to see him die in the water, but his health continued improving from that moment. During the evening he had a vision of the Savior. The next day he visited his barn. He soon commenced traveling and preaching. His former Christian friends denouncing him as crazy, saying that the improved condition of his health was the result of insanity; and were greatly surprised that a crazy man should know more about the Bible than they did.¹

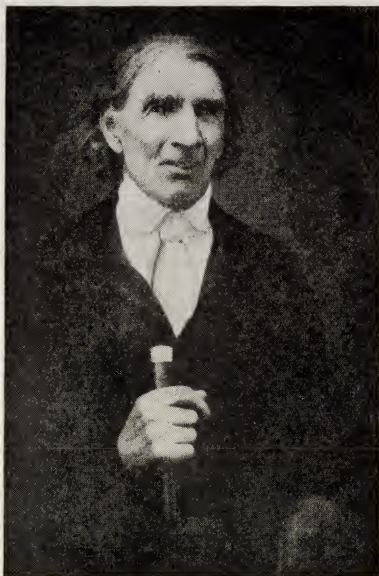
The baptism of Uncle John Smith was performed by Elder Solomon Humphreys, and immediately thereupon he was ordained an elder by Joseph Wakefield and Solomon Humphreys. Soon thereafter he commenced to preach. Wherever he went, he was confronted by sectarian ministers who slandered and abused him and the other Saints in every possible manner. But the Son of Man had not only appeared to John Smith and comforted him, but also had given him the power of discerning the secret wickedness of his enemies; for

example, shortly after John Smith began his missionary activities, a certain minister named Mr. Talbert came into one of his meetings "and interrupted him in a most abusive manner, demanding a sign and pronouncing the solemn sentence of damnation on all who should believe the word." Uncle John told the minister in the presence of the congregation that he was a wicked man and an adulterer, and that his corruption should be exposed to the eyes of all men. Only a few months passed before this prophecy was fulfilled, and Mr. Talbert was dismissed from his congregation.

THE spiritual gifts of the gospel were abundantly enjoyed by Uncle John Smith. Such examples as the following are found in the *Documentary History* and *Journal History* of the Church. Joseph the Prophet, in speaking of his uncle and others, wrote:

... We all unitedly administered, by laying on of hands to my cousin, George A. Smith, who was immediately healed of a severe rheumatic affection all over the body, which caused excruciating pain.²

Uncle John Smith was a leader of



"UNCLE"
JOHN
SMITH

prominence in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints during the period of its establishment by the Prophet Joseph. From the time he became a Mormon in 1832 until his death which occurred twenty-two years later, this important character is referred to over three hundred times in the *Journal History of the Church*. Few men were that prominent in Mormon history. In following those references through, we learn that he was a member of the first high council organized in the Church, and whenever this body met to settle problems of importance in setting patterns for Church policies, his advice was always solicited and respected.

During the Kirtland period, Uncle John spent much of his time traveling with his brother, Joseph, while the latter gave patriarchal blessings to the members of the Church. In a report that Heber C. Kimball made of the Pennsylvania mission in 1836, we read:

On the 25th of August while we were assembled for a meeting, our hearts were filled with joy by the arrival of Joseph Smith, Sen., the Patriarch, and his brother, John Smith, who were on a mission to bless the churches. On the 27th the church came to-

JOHN SMITH"?

gether and received patriarchal blessings under the hands of President Joseph Smith, Sen.²

A year later the Prophet wrote:

My father and Uncle John Smith started on a mission to help the branches of the Church in the Eastern States, to set them in order, and confer on the brethren their patriarchal blessings.³

All of this experience proved beneficial and helped to prepare Uncle John for the day when he became the third Presiding Patriarch to the Church. On January 10, 1844, he was ordained a patriarch by Joseph the Prophet. Five years later, on January 1, he was set apart as Presiding Patriarch over the Church under the hands of President Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. He administered 5,560 patriarchal blessings, which were recorded in seven large and closely written books. They are now at the Church Historian's office in Salt Lake City. It is quite probable that in this activity Uncle John Smith made his greatest contribution to the Church.

THIS good man was a typical Mormon pioneer and frontiersman. Within a year after joining the Church, he moved to Kirtland, Ohio. Five years later when many of the leading Church officials apostatized and the Prophet was forced to flee from Kirtland for safety, John Smith, along with the other Mormons who remained true to the restored gospel, migrated to Missouri. He settled first at Far West but moved shortly thereafter to Adam-on-di-Ahman, where he presided over a branch of the Church until the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri in 1839. He arrived in Illinois on February 28, and located at Green Plains, six miles from Warsaw. There he split rails, put in a crop of corn, and performed much hard labor unsuited to his health and years. In June, however, after the Prophet was released from the Missouri jail and had selected the town of Commerce

(Nauvoo) as the haven for the Saints, Uncle John left his farm and moved on the new townsite. Four months later the Prophet sent him to Macedonia, Hancock County, to preside over the Saints in Iowa. In November 1844, he was driven by mobsters from Macedonia to Nauvoo, and there he remained until February 9, 1846. Again he was compelled by mob violence to flee from his home and move westward across the Mississippi River in search of a peaceful location far off in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

After spending a dreary winter on the banks of the Missouri River at Winter Quarters, he, with other Saints of God, took up the weary ox train march westward in search of their new Zion. They left the camp less than two months after Brigham Young and the Pioneer company had headed westward. On September 23, Uncle John Smith arrived in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

Brigham Young set him apart to be stake president and appointed him to preside over the Saints in the Great Basin until the pioneer leader should go back to Winter Quarters and return with a large group of Saints. Charles C. Rich and John Young were selected to be his counselors.

The high council, a local ecclesiastical court, consisting of twelve members, presided over by the president of the stake and his two counselors, fifteen in all besides the clerk, assumed provisional municipal powers by the common consent of the community.⁴

This was the first government established by the Mormons in Utah. Thus Uncle John Smith was in charge of the affairs of the Saints during the first difficult winter, and was the overseer of building homes, rationing food, and preparing for the hordes of people who were to come later. His administrative genius was also taxed heavily the following summer when the millions of crickets would have completely de-

stroyed the pioneers' crops if it had not been for the miracle of the sea gulls.

But finally in September, 1848, Brigham Young returned to the Valley, bringing another large company of immigrants. The president of the Church now replaced John Smith as supreme in command.

A few months later this typical Mormon pioneer built himself another home. In the words of Andrew Jensen:

He moved out of the Fort on to his city lot in February, 1849, and this was the only spot on which he had been privileged to cultivate a garden two years in succession during the last twenty-three years of his life.⁵

On May 23, 1854, Uncle John died in Salt Lake City, being nearly seventy-three years old. Thus he had lived twenty-two years after having been given up by the doctors. During that time he accomplished an untold amount of good as one of the leading spirits in helping to found the true gospel of Jesus Christ on the earth again. At the time of his death, the editor of *The Deseret News* wrote:

He closed the arduous duties of a well-occupied probation, and passed to a position of rest, where his works will nobly follow and honor him and where he will continue his able counsels for the prosperity and welfare of Zion.

IN order to obtain a more complete understanding of who Uncle John Smith was, it would be well to take a glance at his children and their children. The true measure of any man is given to a large degree through his posterity. Jesus, the great Master of eternal truth, taught that the measure of greatness of mankind is given by his own works and through the lives of his posterity. To quote his teachings:

Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.⁶

Let us now observe some of Uncle John Smith's "fruits"—posterity. Referring again briefly to Asael Smith's seven

(Continued on page 374)

²Ibid., August 25, 1835

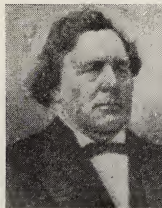
³Ibid., June 22, 1836

⁴John Nebeker, *Early Justice* (Boncroft Library), 4. Ms.

⁵Andrew Jensen, *L.D.S. Biographical Encyclopedia*, Vol. 1, p. 183

⁶Matthew 7:16-17

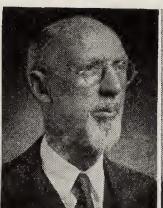
DIRECT LINE OF DESCENDANTS FROM "UNCLE" JOHN SMITH



GEORGE A. SMITH



JOHN HENRY SMITH



PRESIDENT
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH



GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, JR. GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, III



NOTE: There was also a fifth George Albert Smith, who was the son of the first George A. Smith, and who was killed in Arizona while on a mission.

RESTORATION OF THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

The Wilderness Between Harmony, and Colesville,

And again what do we hear? Glad tidings from Cumorah. . . . The voice of Peter, James, and John in the wilderness between Harmony, Susquehanna County, and Colesville, Broome County, on the Susquehanna river declaring themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom, and of the dispensation of the fulness of times! (D. & C. 128:20.)

VERY little has been recorded of one of the most momentous events in world history—the restoration of the Melchizedek Priesthood to the earth centuries after it had been withdrawn

occurred. First, the terms used by the Prophet in referring to localities should be clarified. Joseph and Oliver Cowdrey were living in a small settlement called McKune, named for Joseph McKune the first settler. The settlement was in the Town (township) of Harmony in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. It was the custom in those days, and still is to some extent in the East and in New England, to use the name of the "town" (township) in giving an address unless the person lived in a city or an incorporated village. Reference to the map will indicate the manner in which counties in the East and New England are divided into townships which are both *numbered* and *named* and legally designated as "towns." Within the "towns" (townships) are cities, incorporated villages, (boroughs in Pennsylvania) and settlements or hamlets. As the people in the Town (township) of Harmony, at that time, did not live in either cities or incorporated villages, they being neither, in that township, there naturally referred to the place of residence as Harmony.

In it are the graves of Isaac and Elizabeth Hale, parents of Emma, and also that of the infant son of Joseph and Emma.) The 1830 census listed forty-seven families in the entire township. Part of them had settled near the adjoining farms of Joseph McKune and Isaac Hale, both pioneers in that section.



SUSQUEHANNA RIVER AT MCKUNE (HARMONY)



CLEARING ON JOSEPH SMITH'S FARM ON BANKS OF SUSQUEHANNA AT MCKUNE (HARMONY)

because of abuse and neglect. There is ample evidence that this restoration did occur, but just where and when and how has not been made known.

The statement of the Prophet Joseph Smith, quoted above, places the location of the visitation of Peter, James, and John in "the wilderness between Harmony, Susquehanna County (Pa.), and Colesville, Broome County (N.Y.)." This is a distance of approximately thirty miles.

The word "wilderness" in those days meant simply an uninhabited or wooded area. In the section and verse (D. & C. section 128:20) the Prophet refers to the wooded area, probably on or adjoining the Peter Whitmer farm in the Town (township) of Fayette, Seneca County, New York, where the Three Witnesses saw the Book of Mormon plates, as "the wilderness." The road between Harmony (McKune, see map) and Colesville (Nineveh), follows the Susquehanna River the entire distance. In the map on the opposite page this road is indicated by the heavy marks. The beehive symbols indicate the two points between which the journey was made. Except where the forests have been cleared for farms, pastures, and a few villages, the area still is fairly heavily wooded.

To understand fully the circumstances surrounding the restoration of the Melchizedek Priesthood, it is important to know the conditions under which it



PART OF SMALL FARM OF JOSEPH SMITH AT MCKUNE (HARMONY), SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

(The township of Harmony is not shown in road maps or ordinary atlases. Townships, as a rule, are shown only on local county maps. There is no post office named Harmony in Susquehanna County. The post office of Harmony, Pennsylvania, is in the hamlet of Harmony in Butler County in western Pennsylvania more than two hundred miles from Susquehanna County. It has no connection with Church history.)

The families living in the Town (township) of Harmony lived along the Susquehanna River, the township being approximately eight miles wide. Near its western border was the settlement called McKune. (The little cemetery still is called the McKune cemetery.

McKune had given land for both the school and cemetery. The nearest church was at Lanesboro, five miles up the river.

In 1829 at the time both the Aaronic and Melchizedek Priesthoods were restored, Joseph and Emma were living in a small house on a thirteen-acre farm Joseph had purchased from Isaac Hale, Emma's father. Oliver Cowdrey lived with them. Joseph and Oliver were engaged in translating the Book of Mormon, having begun on April 7, as reported by the Prophet.

THE Aaronic Priesthood had been restored on May 15, and the work of translation continued; but for some purpose Joseph and Oliver left their work and journeyed some thirty miles up the river to Colesville. The "Colesville"



SUSQUEHANNA RIVER IN THE WILDERNESS BETWEEN HARMONY AND COLESVILLE

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

By JOHN D. GILES, *Business Manager of the "Era"*

Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, Broome County, New York

referred to was not a city or village. It was a township, called in New York as in Pennsylvania and New England a "town." What caused the Prophet and his companion to leave off translating the Book of Mormon plates and make this journey we have not been told; but a number of related circumstances



JOSEPH KNIGHT'S FARM OPPOSITE NINEVEH, TOWN OF COLESVILLE, BROOME COUNTY, N.Y.

indicate some possible reasons. In the "Town" of Colesville across the Susquehanna River (see map) from the village of Nineveh, lived Joseph Knight, a prosperous farmer, miller, and wool carder. Near him lived his son, Newell Knight, also a well-to-do farmer. Around these two families the Colesville Branch, one of the early branches of the Church, was organized in 1830. Some five or six miles away in the Town (township) of South Bainbridge, now Afton, in Chenango County (see map) was the farm of Josiah Stowel, spelled in early history Stool and in some old deeds and records Stowell.

Joseph Knight and Josiah Stowel were the Prophet's trusted friends. He had worked for Josiah Stowel, not only in a mining venture in Susquehanna County where he met the Hales and fell in love

with Emma, but also on the Stowel farm in South Bainbridge. Joseph Smith spent most of the year 1826 in Stowel's employ. During part of the summer of that year it is believed that Emma Hale was a guest at the Joseph Knight home.

Joseph Knight had been with Josiah Stowel when Joseph Smith was first employed by him in October 1825. Between them—Stowel and Knight—they had at that time agreed to advance enough money to the Smith family on a wheat purchase to enable them to make the last payment on the Smith farm in the Town (township) of Manchester in Ontario County, New York. Although this arrangement was never completed, it was through no fault of Joseph's new friends.

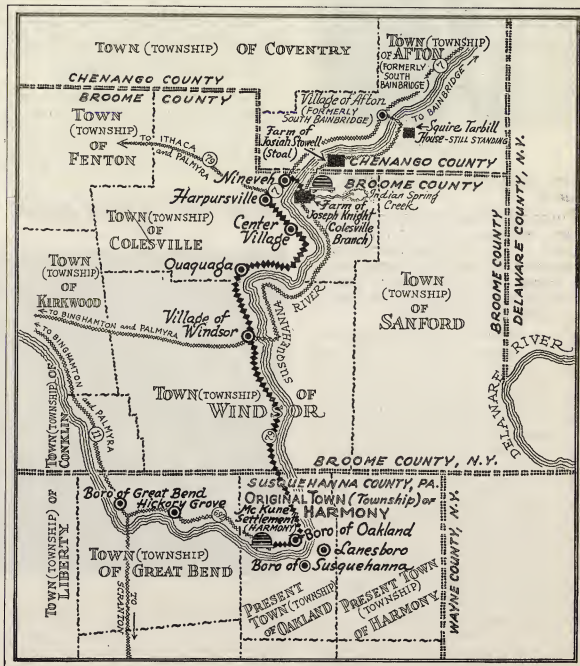
And this is highly significant: The only persons outside the immediate family of Joseph Smith who knew when the Book of Mormon plates were to be delivered to the Prophet were Joseph Knight and Josiah Stowel. They were at the home when Joseph brought the plates there on September 22, 1827.



THE WILDERNESS BETWEEN HARMONY AND COLESVILLE, LOOKING TOWARDS CHENANGO COUNTY, NEW YORK

In fact, it was Joseph Knight's wagon that was used by Joseph and Emma when they went to Cumorah to get the plates at the time designated by the Angel Moroni, according to the account of Lucy Mack Smith, Joseph's mother.

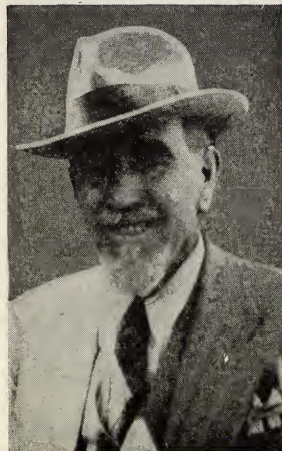
AFTER the Prophet had moved to Harmony, to escape the increasing persecution at Manchester, Joseph
(Continued on page 371)



LOOKING FROM JOSEPH KNIGHT'S FARM TOWARDS VILLAGE OF NINEVEH

TO no people on earth has the importance of world knowledge been of greater value than to Latter-day Saints. With countless thousands of missionaries sent into the world since the organization of the Church, there is hardly a country in the world that has not been touched by someone carrying the gospel message.

Impressive as the official record of our missionaries is, the record becomes even more phenomenal when we consider the great number of unofficial missionaries who have traveled throughout the world, building good will and gaining respect both for the Church and



LUTHER M. WINSOR

for the membership that constitutes the Church.

Foremost in the latter group are those experts who have gone at the express request of various governments, that, recognizing the ability of some Latter-day Saints, have asked them to come to the aid of their governments in helping solve some of their problems.

The government of Iran, descendent from the great Persia of Cyrus and Darius, has twice within recent years called for help from Latter-day Saints, once when Dr. Franklin S. Harris was asked to come, and later when Professor Luther M. Winsor was requested. Professor Winsor has remained for better than three years, serving as director-general of irrigation, having been given leave by the United States state department from the United States department of agriculture.

His particular assignment is to indicate ways in which Iran can husband its precipitation and rescue its runaway water in order that the indigent poverty which has persisted in that country may be alleviated and eventually eradicated. Something of the activity of Professor Winsor has already been recorded in

FROM SAGEBRUSH

the pages of the *Era* (March 1942, p. 134; and September 1944, p. 537).

OF so great interest were these fragmentary reports of his work, that the *Era* asked and obtained permission to gather from his letters and articles something of the significance and scope of the work he is doing as well as some of the conditions that prevail in that great ally of ours in the fight for democracy.

Of the situation in which Professor Winsor found himself, he related:

Iran reminds me very much of our own Southwest and of portions of the western strip of South America. Teheran, the capital, is situated on the south side of a chain of high mountains that separates the rest of the country from the Caspian Sea. The valley surrounding the city is very much like our Salt Lake Valley, with its great salt lake and a desert beyond similar to the Great American Desert. A series of rugged mountain ranges extend from Tabriz in the northwest, near Turkey and the Caucasus, along the west border of the Persian Gulf, then on down the coast to the southwest corner of the country. The interior is a high plateau with scattered mountains, barren of vegetation, surrounded and separated by great stretches of desert.

That its early culture was great has been indicated in history. But Mr. Winsor has discovered for himself further evidence of its greatness:

This time out I have discovered the tracks of ancient engineers who were marvels. They really did things in a big way 2500 years ago. I traced out two canals, one on either side of the river with numerous branches or laterals that are one hundred

AIRPLANE VIEW OF THE TERRAIN WHERE THE AUTHOR TRAVELED IN MAKING IRRIGATION PLANS



feet wide in the bottom and thirty or more miles long. The main canals are seven hundred feet long, six miles below the intakes and are sixty or seventy miles long, respectively.

On the rare occasion of a brief visit with an English family who had recently moved to Iran, he went to visit the ruins of an ancient city,

... so old that no one knows what or when it was. But it had over a million houses as revealed by excavations of people who were hunting for treasure after someone had found a string of priceless black pearls. We went to the far end of the ruined city and there, quite by accident, we found the site of an ancient glass foundry. I picked up fragments of little glass bottles, like little perfume bottles. . . .

TO an American, many problems immediately presented themselves, but none more grave than the serious deficiency of control works, the unsettled state of the country, and the extreme difficulty of getting the needed appropriations to carry the work forward. When these situations were added to the slight rainfall, the feudalism which was still prevalent—with the resultant lack of education for the masses, and the overpopulation suffering from undernourishment—the enormity of Professor Winsor's task becomes at once apparent.

The feudalistic system permits at times a village or a string of villages to be owned by a single individual or a family, who in turn rents the land and the water to the peasants. The owner furnishes the land, the water, the seed, the oxen for plowing, and in turn takes one-fifth of the crops for each of these services. Thus, the peasant, who does the work, gets at best only one-fifth for all his endeavors.

The integrity of Mr. Winsor is evidenced throughout his letters. On one occasion he wrote:

... I have not been willing to serve

as a tool for establishing spectacular projects, that call for huge appropriations, from which could be extracted great fortunes for the personnel in high offices. I have insisted on working on projects that will help people

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

TO Sand Dunes

Compiled from Letters by Luther M. Winsor

MEMBER OF THE CHURCH AGRICULTURE ADVISORY COMMITTEE
AND ADVISOR TO THE GOVERNMENT OF IRAN

who are on the land and who are starving for want of some water. Also I insist that the money set up for the work go into construction and not into hundreds of pockets on the way—for this reason I am not supported by certain officials and employees. But I am building a reputation for fair play and the people will trust me with their own money. That is what really counts, and that is how the work is made to go forward.

Elder Winsor pays the following tribute to the king:

I have known for a long time how deeply interested his majesty is in my work and in the various problems that affect the common people; but it took a camping trip for me to really discover the wonderful spirit of the man. He really and sincerely is concerned about the welfare of his people, and he knows that the work I am trying to do is the key to the problem of better living conditions.

On the end of the trail on the second day, as his majesty was ready to enter his car for the sixty mile trip back home, he took my hand, and with moist eyes, he said: "I want you to know how deeply I appreciate your efforts in behalf of my people. We have had many eminent engineers come to Iran to study our irrigation problems. They have come carrying reports, and have gone again, but you are the first in hundreds of years to remain long enough to do us any good. . . . You have countless difficulties thrown in your path, but you have had the courage to stay on and overcome these barriers. Now we are beginning to reap the benefits of your tireless and persistent ef-

Such appreciation naturally brought the moisture to my own eyes and made me feel that it has really been worth the sacrifice to have made in these three years of separation.

In another letter he actually gave the terrible amount that had gone into this system:

. . . a large beautiful valley, with a population of 20,000 in the principal town, has waited ten years for a tunnel to be completed to bring water from a beautiful crystal stream. This project has cost the people and the government hundreds of millions.

The matter of food was difficult for Professor Winsor, although he stated in May 1942:

There is a variety of good food, and the price is not prohibitive. Beef is very poor but reasonable in price. Vegetables are quite plentiful. The natives use greens a great deal, everything from spinach to grass, and even grapevine leaves. I have had fresh strawberries, apricots, cherries, etc. The natives have been eating green plums for a long time now. I don't know yet how they prepare them, but I see them on the market. Carrots, onions, etc., are on sale the year around. I have honey for dessert, but I miss the butter. They have plenty of it, but I can't manage to eat it somehow. I got two cans of butter in my rations while with a British convoy, but they are gone. It was a treat while it lasted. Put up in

LUTHER M. WINSOR AND THE THREE L.D.S. MEN WHO HELD SACRAMENT SERVICE IN IRAN



sonal relief, for in a little write-up he mentioned that he was grateful that the army had come because now he could get better food to eat.

That there were other moments of respite from hardships is indicated from another letter:

I was the king's guest at a most gorgeous camp. The tents were of the old make, over fifty years old, colored canvas with silk embroidery linings—each panel (walls about nine feet high) having intricate designs of exquisite handwork. . . .

Meals were served on the finest china with cut glass and silver—even cut glass shades for the candles. First meal—clear broth soup then mountain trout, fresh from a cold



ELDER WINSOR IN TRIBAL CHIEFTAIN'S REGALIA

water stream, and plenty of them. (I had three for each of three meals) then mountain sheep steak, then *chik kabob* (rice and lamb barbecued), then caramel cake and sauce and fresh fruit. What a meal for a hungry man! There were three meals on this order and one breakfast.

This has been the crowning event of my experience in Iran thus far and gives me courage to carry on a little longer.

But, of course, there were some inconveniences even under these favorable circumstances.

I am sitting rather softly on the chair tonight for the reason that we made the trip on horseback and the king is a hard and fast rider.

This trip which he made with the king of Iran was for the purpose of studying the site for a proposed dam, which Mr. Winsor had studied for almost a year, discovering what geologists had overlooked, that there had been a natural dam creating a fresh water lake some centuries earlier.

The conditions that Professor Winsor found were very primitive; in fact, he states that most of the harvesting was done by sickle, and that there are still

(Continued on page 373)

forts, and I want you to know how I appreciate it. God grant that you will have health and be protected to carry this great program on through to a successful conclusion."

Australia. I have some powdered milk and some malted milk I brought along—tomato juice and tuna.

However, this must have been sea-

Sturdy Endurance, Absolute Faith mark the SOUTHERN INDIAN MISSION

By Juanita Brooks

PART III—CONCLUSION

THESE brief excerpts give some idea of the work among the Indians, though the temptation to quote at greater length is strong. There are such incidents as the fact that the recorder left his inkwell and pen in a bunch of grass that served him as a pillow the night before, and was forced to retrace his steps nearly a half day to find it. There are stories of how Indians found lost articles and kept them concealed until the missionaries offered rewards that the natives considered high enough for their return. There is a fascinating account of their return trip, made because their provisions were gone, and of their arrival at Harmony on June 19th.

The missionaries felt that their first contact with the Indians of the south had been good; they hoped for even better results from the fact that Jacob Hamblin and William Henefer had been left on the Santa Clara to continue the work among the natives. These brethren remained for three weeks longer, and returned at last because of lack of provisions.

The record tells of how Michael, an Indian, tried to show how his friendship for the Mormons had grown "a little and a little till it was as long as the first part of his forefinger, then it increased until it was as to the middle joint, and since we had talked so much to him and he had been baptized, and was eating bread with us, his friendship was as big as his finger, pointing the whole length of it." This was a good beginning, certainly, but perhaps Brother Brown would not have been so encouraged had he known that when an Indian gave full confidence he measured it by the full length of his arm. At least, this, one of the most difficult missions of the Church, was under way.

More immediately pressing than the converting of the Indians was the matter of providing themselves food for another season. Unacquainted with the climate and the trials of new irrigation, they had many problems, until their

captain said, "I would not give \$5.00 for all the wheat we are likely to raise this season. The water fails, and there is our wheat heading before it is six inches above the ground. Let us go and labor for food for the coming year and not depend upon this; also a part of us may go off among the dissatisfied Indians and thus fulfill our mission." Some of the brethren agreed with this, but others argued that "the crops at present do not seem to be much, but the prophets have told us that this is the place for this year." The result was that they decided not to abandon the work yet.

There were many minor difficulties, such as those recorded below:

Saturday, 1 July. Working about the

I have been much troubled by headaches for a few days past. It cannot be from sunbaking, for I fast more than I choose, yet I shall try abstinence and prayer for a cure.

He wrote:

Oh, how rapidly time flies, and how little we seem to accomplish as a mission, yet we labor all the day long, but little among them, and learn little of their language, and each returning night brings weariness and fatigue to me and I doubt not to my fellows.

The water continued to fail, and prospects became so discouraging that it was agreed that Brothers Roundy, Hamblin, Riddle, and Hardy go north to look after the welfare of their families, and that the other missionaries work at Parowan and Cedar City for provisions for the winter. Brother Brown had as his companion the eighteen-year-old Ira Hatch, and the two of them worked together during the summer, hauling hay and doing other farm work in return for produce.

On September 22, Brother Brown was given permission to visit his family in the north. Of conditions at home he writes, "My wife had been sick and was recovering, but her spirits were much depressed, having much care to provide for herself and children. Poverty is indeed a heavy burden, and for the first time, even in her advancing years, my wife has to begin to bear it." Though he perhaps felt that he should have stayed to provide for them, he started back to his mission on October 12, after a twelve-day visit.

Back at Harmony he found his crops all gone, all but about twelve hills of potatoes dug, only three shocks of corn, and about twenty sheaves of poor wheat from his toil on his two acres. The



NAVAJO INDIAN HOGAN OF NORTHERN ARIZONA

camp and to save our boots and shoes, some walk barefooted. I have tried it but the sand and soil are intolerably hot. A day of cleaning, baking, &c. I attempted to wash a pair of cotton socks and rubbed the skin off my fingers. This won't do, and yet I suppose it must, for sisters are "non eat inventors." How can I get help to wash? Will the sisters take such pay as I get from the Lord? I fear not.

crops of all the missionaries were proportionally small, though some had better crops than others. They all began work making adobes for the fort, cutting pickets, digging for foundations, and trying to complete their shelters before

(Continued on page 368)

PYTHON EGGS

By Marvin O. Ashton
OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC

WHEN I was a lad, an educator came to Salt Lake and delivered a lecture which he called "Python Eggs." I think it not strange at all that I remember it so well. He reminded us that in India the python takes a toll of thousands of human beings each year. It lays its eggs in the jungle. If the egg hatches, a little demon crawls through the grass and in time becomes as big around as a man's leg. When it matures it climbs a tree, lies in wait on an overhanging limb and strangles its victims, as shown by our artist. In destruction of life the only competitor of the python in India is the Bengal tiger. The native boy in India is taught to keep his eyes wide open for python eggs. When he finds the reptile's egg, he applies his heel and turns. If he doesn't, that egg develops into the monster that later devours his pet lamb or goat. Yes, that demon might entwine his own sister or brother. No wonder that when the brown boy has crushed the egg of the python, the jungle echoes a cry of triumph.

By the way, I remember an interesting story of a python: The natives, aware of the powers of this devil of India, were in panic. But his capture, when properly engineered, was easy. This was the plan: In the locality where the python was last seen, a goat was chained to a post. The natives didn't have to wait long—they heard the blat of the poor goat—they rushed to the scene, and there the python was chained to the stake—yes, like a trout that had just swallowed the fly hook; it lay conquered.

THE monsters within ourselves that destroy us begin with harmless eggs. If we don't put our heels on them and turn like the boy when he finds the python egg, they destroy us.

Liquor is like the python. Egotism, too, lays its eggs in the jungle. Hatred begins with a small insignificant seed. Selfishness, if not checked, grows big, and lies in wait to destroy us. Dishonesty has its fangs and takes its toll, and



—Illustrated by J. A. Bywater

if not killed in the shell, wraps itself around us and strangles us to death. Each reptile starts with a seed laid in the grass. Don't let it hatch.

Well do I remember a story told by my mother: The young man is on the scaffold ready to be hanged. Before the noose is put over his head he is given any wish. He asks for his mother—she comes. She goes to embrace him. Instead of kissing her, he bites a piece out of her cheek. Then with all the anguish of his soul he cries out, "Mother, why didn't you teach me when I stole those pencils in school—why didn't you stop me? It went to books, then to horses—now, mother, I am about to die. Why didn't you teach me?" Yes, taking those pencils was a python egg. The egg was left to hatch.

The drunkard makes his start with just a sip, but that sip is the python egg.

HERE'S a story I heard told by a girl in Wayne Stake. The story took hold of me: A boy goes to a party. They offer him a cocktail. (It wasn't a fruit cocktail.) He refuses—the gang is determined, but so is he. It is only a thimble full, but he refuses. He is called "panty-waist," "mamma's boy"—but he stands his ground. They tell him he must drink with the crowd and smell like a man. The gang is determined to have him come across. Finally with jaws set, they tell him if he won't be game they

will throw him on the floor and put the liquor through his teeth. The boy on the spot rises to the occasion. Like a warrior he faces his foes. He has a secret weapon they didn't dream of—here it is—when he gets through with them, they sizzle.

"Wait a minute," says he, "let's see if you'll put it through my teeth. I want to tell you a story."

"Some years ago a boy was out, as I am tonight. They offered him a drink—he refused. They urged—he weakened and took that night just a thimble full. Next week he took it more readily. After that it had only to be offered him. Boys, he became a drunkard. He fell in love with a beautiful girl. Of course he straightened up while courting her. He knew she and her family were opposed to drink. They were married. A year later a baby came to town, but by this time he had gone back to drink. He began to come home drunk. On one of these nights he was challenged by his good wife. She had stood about all she could. In desperation she thundered, 'Bill, you come home again like this, and I'll take the baby and go home to mother!' Well, the demon within him broke loose. He grabbed her arm. It was as if it were held in a vise. He threw her out into the Wyoming blizzard. She grabbed the baby, also an overcoat

(Concluded on page 358)



RICKY DRESSED QUICKLY AND RAN TO THE STAIRWAY AND PEERED DOWN

Don't be afraid, kid!

By ROSA LEE LLOYD

But Ricky decided not to go to bed. Instead he stopped before the hall mirror, slicked his pocket comb through his curly dark hair, then tiptoed out the front door and ran down the icy sidewalk to Mr. Garrett's corner store a block away.

The kindly, stooped old man was very amused. "Hmm, so Ed Brooks' boy wants a job so he can earn a birthday present for his mother? Well, I don't have any English Spode like Tug bought for her. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll order one specially for you. S'pose you know your brother's first job was right behind that penny counter?"

Ricky beamed. "Gee, Mr. Garrett, I want to work right here where Tug did."

He patted Ricky's shoulder with a friendly old hand. "All right, my boy, you start tomorrow. We'll say twenty-five cents an hour from four till seven. How's that?"

"That's swell, Mr. Garrett. Now, I can buy the best cup and saucer you can order, Mr. Garrett."

RICKY was so happy when he started for home that he was walking on the clouds. He felt that he could reach up and pull a star out of the sky for mom.

He was halfway home when a familiar voice called sharply from the shadows by a parked car.

"Hi, Rick!"
Skeeter Hampton! Ricky's jacket dropped to his toes as Skeeter jerked him into the shadow with two older boys.

"What's the hurry, Runt?" He pulled Ricky's leather cap over his eyes. Ricky struggled free and raised his chest, proudly.

"Everything's keen," he said. "I just got a job at Mr. Garrett's store."

"They know things, Rick." Skeeter went on, smoothly. "They've been places. You've never been off Poplar Avenue. Look, Rick—you don't have to work. All you gotta do is learn a few tricks like this—"

Ricky watched Skeeter with terrified fascination while he opened the car door with a long wire pick.

Then a strong, heavy hand came out of the darkness and grasped Ricky's shoulder. Patrolman Jamson's voice chilled through him. "What are you kids up to?"

Skeeter swung around. "Not a thing, Mr. Jamson," he said without a quiver. "Ricky was just telling us about his new job at Mr. Garrett's store. Swell thing—to have a job like that."

Ricky's heart beat up into his throat. Mr. Jamson still held his shoulder and looked at him closely, turning his flashlight in his face.

"Aren't you Ed Brooks' youngster?" he asked. Ricky nodded. "Well, I'll have to speak to your folks about you chasing the streets at night. Now head for home."

Ricky fled through the night. A wild fear fled with him. Ever since he could remember, Skeeter, who lived with his dad in a boardinghouse, had mocked him for being a "goodie-goodie boy." He was a year older and two inches taller and had always bullied Ricky. Once he had told Tug about Skeeter, and Tug had said, "Don't be afraid, kid, sometimes a fellow has to fight. As long as you know you're on the right side, you've got him half licked before you start."

MOM was still huddled by the radio when Ricky crept into the hallway. He longed to go to her and tell her what had happened and how afraid he was of Skeeter. He took a step to-

YOU'LL BE SURPRISED—

and satisfied when you read this story

cut through the room—"This is Chester Dayton, bringing you news from our amphibious forces with the Pacific fleet—"

Mom turned quickly to the radio, twisted the dial to make the voice louder.

"Run up to bed, dear," she said, unaware that she hadn't returned his good-night kiss.

Skeeter's laugh cut through the cold night. "A job! Ain't that keen! I know what that old droop pays—twenty-five cents an hour and him with a sack of dough hidden away. Not for me, Rick, I'm too smart. Listen, you can be smart, too. This is Don Henley and Al Browl from Eighth Street—"

Ricky forced a smile and raised his hand. "Hi," he said weakly.

ward her, then hesitated and turned back to the stairway. He couldn't worry mom when she had to worry about Tug and the war.

His steps dragged as he went to his room and shut the door. He shivered when he crawled into bed. It was so cold and dark and lonesome as he put his arms around the pillow. He remem-

(Continued on page 364)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



The Church Moves On

Baccalaureate Sermons

AMONG the baccalaureate sermons that Church leaders have been called upon to give as the academic terms draw to a close are these:

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., of the First Presidency will address graduates of the Utah State Agricultural College at Logan, June 10.

President David O. McKay of the First Presidency will address graduates of the University of Utah at Salt Lake City, June 3.

Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve will address the graduating class of Brigham Young University at Provo on June 3.

Dedication

PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY dedicated the chapel of the Ogden Twenty-first Ward of the Ben Lomond Stake, April 15.

Salt Lake School Superintendent

DR. M. LYNN BENNION, seminary supervisor of the Church department of education was named April 26, as superintendent of Salt Lake City schools, succeeding Howard McDonald, recently appointed president of Brigham Young University. Both appointments are effective July 1.

"Liahona" Discontinued

Liahona, the elders' journal, the semi-monthly Church magazine published at Independence, Missouri, has discontinued publication after an editorial life of forty years, and its rolls of subscribers transferred to the Church edition of *The Deseret News* or to *The Improvement Era*. Meanwhile the name *Liahona* has found new life in the Spanish language publication of the Mexican and the Spanish-American missions.

Clothing Drive

STAKE Relief Societies of the Salt Lake region joined in the recent drive to obtain clothing for the destitute population of Europe.

Essay Contest Winner

PAULINE KENT, a member of the La Cienega Ward, Inglewood Stake, and a student at Susan Dorsey High School, recently won two hundred dollars in war bonds as first prize in a contest sponsored by the Los Angeles *Examiner* on the subject "Significance of the Bill of Rights Today." The contest was open to high school students. Like prizes were given to junior high school and high school winners. Three hundred-odd essays had been submitted in the contest by ten thousand entrants.

L.D.S. Boy Wins Contest

PFC. DON LEROY FOTHERINGHAM, a seventeen-year-old L.D.S. boy, in the press of his duties as a United States JUNE, 1945

marine fighter, used his leisure to design an airplane for private use in peacetime. His design "had everything" according to the judges.

In June 1944, *Popular Science* magazine inaugurated a contest for professionals and nonprofessionals to submit detailed drawings of planes they would like to own. Pfc. Don LeRoy Fotheringham won first prize in the nonprofessional class. Don's entry, consisting of penciled drawings and an explanatory essay, was worked out on tissue paper during the few hours he was off duty. He has seen service on Roi, Namur, Saipan, Tinian, and the Carolines.

His drawing designed a jet-propulsion plane which he would like to own after the war is finished. His wise use of his leisure won the prize consisting of a \$1000 War Bond, for him from among three thousand entries.

Roy attends church whenever possible, and sends his tithing to the Walnut Park Ward of California. He formerly lived in Idaho Falls.

Missionaries Released

THE following missionaries were released during April 1945, and others not previously reported:

Brazilian: William W. Seegmiller, Salt Lake City; Ada Pratt Seegmiller, Salt Lake City.

East Central States: Lula K. Moss, Ririe, Idaho; Hyrum T. Moss, Ririe, Idaho.

Eastern States: Norma Roemer Kowallis, Salt Lake City; Ezuzella Lovina Hill Miller, St. Anthony, Idaho; Maryus M. Miller, St. Anthony, Idaho; Elizabeth Lucille Reiser, Salt Lake City.

North Central: LeVerl Cline Hendrickson, Glenwood, Utah; James Richard Rawlings, Preston, Idaho; Martin Christensen, Preston, Idaho.

Northern California: Alice Child Servoss, Malad, Idaho; Guy Servoss, Malad, Idaho; George W. Summers, Ririe, Idaho; Ivy May S. Summers, Ririe, Idaho.

Spanish-American: Eufemio Salazar, Sr., Salt Lake City.

Western States: George H. Wilson, Jr., Panguitch, Utah.

New Wards, Branches

VERNAL THIRD WARD, Uintah Stake, has been formed from parts of the Vernal First and Vernal Second wards, with Owen

Slaugh, formerly bishop of the Second Ward, as bishop.

Lark Ward, formerly a branch, has been organized in the West Jordan Stake with R. Clyde Grump as bishop.

La Jolla Ward, San Diego Stake, has been created from the branch, with George Q. Baird as bishop.

Birdseye Branch, Palmyra Stake, has been organized from part of the Thistle Independent Branch with T. E. McKean, formerly head of Thistle Branch, as branch president.

Bishops, Presiding Elders

PERSHING BRANCH, Alberta Stake, Lester W. Lee succeeds Heber Sheffield.

Groveland Ward, Blackfoot Stake, Golden H. Hale succeeds Michael Johnson, Jr. Ferron Ward, Emery Stake, Thomas H. Worthen succeeds Perry E. Snow.

Idona Ward, Idaho Falls Stake, Clifford N. Scoresby succeeds Bruce Olsen.

Excommunications

MERL D. WHITEHEAD, a seventy, born August 2, 1898. Excommunicated March 31, 1945, in Valley View Ward, Big Cottonwood Stake.

Mary Virginia Templeman Whitehead, born August 30, 1918. Excommunicated March 31, 1945, in Valley View Ward, Big Cottonwood Stake.

Eugene H. Reif, priest, born February 17, 1915. Excommunicated in Logan Heights Ward, San Diego Stake.

Kenneth Farnsworth, a seventy, born January 19, 1902. Excommunicated April 9, 1945, in Central Park Ward, South Salt Lake Stake.

Walter Clare Card, a seventy, born May 3, 1898. Excommunicated April 16, 1945, in Eldredge Ward, South Salt Lake Stake.

Eliza Ann Parry Meservy, born June 28, 1883. Excommunicated March 21, 1945, in Nineteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake.

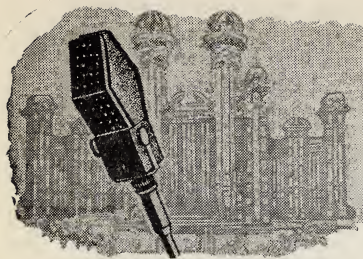


By April 13 Roland Wright completed 170 hours of combat out of 300 hours needed to make a tour. He attended church in England where usually about 40 members were in attendance.

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME APRIL 16 AND LEAVING APRIL 25, 1945



Reading from left to right, first row: Albert Spencer, George W. Simmons, Ellen J. L. Smith, Don B. Coltan, La Rue Griffin, Eva Wilkins, Lois Draney.
Second row: Charles H. Evenson, Silas D. Smith, Catherine Hopkins, Verna Dunkley, Hannah L. McGregor, William D. McGregor, Ramona Peterson.
Third row: Christopher R. Wilson, Arthur Paulson, Sloan Alma Smith, Clara May Gowers, Shirley Westover, Ruth Christensen.
Fourth row: Merion Wood, Ernest R. Clark, Wendell Martineau, Francis Workman, Joy W. Naylar.



The Spoken Word

By RICHARD L. EVANS

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 12:00 NOON EASTERN WAR TIME, 11:00 A.M. CENTRAL WAR TIME, 10:00 A.M. MOUNTAIN WAR TIME, AND 9:00 A.M. PACIFIC WAR TIME.

Concerning Varieties of Ignorance

IN childhood we are excused for many mistakes on grounds of ignorance. But long after we cease to be children there are times when we would like to claim the same immunity—which brings before us the time-worn question as to how long and to what extent ignorance is excusable. The question would be easier to answer if all ignorance were of the same kind—but this it is not. Sometimes ignorance is honest and unavoidable. But there is also the ignorance of which Peter wrote, "... they willingly are ignorant ..." (II Peter 3:5)—the wilful ignorance that prefers to believe what it finds convenient to believe. There are also varieties and degrees of educated ignorance, whereby, knowing full well the consequences, we disregard many laws—economic laws, moral laws, laws of health, and others, for which we later pay, and from which much learning does not save us. There should also be added to the list a type of malicious ignorance—the ignorance that prefers to believe sensational rumor rather than sober fact; the ignorance that chooses to credit the worst about other people even when the worst isn't true. Some ignorance is genuinely naive, but there is also a "smart" and sophisticated ignorance—the ignorance that pretends to have a new answer for all the old questions; the ignorance that cynically brushes aside the answers which God and time and experience have given. There are some things in life for which there are no "new" answers. There is yet another kind of ignorance that should not go unmentioned—the ignorance of laziness and indifference; the ignorance of him who is self-satisfied; the ignorance of him who ignores the wisdom of the past, or who can't be bothered to search the scriptures, or who is indifferent to the advancing knowledge of his own generation—and yet who feels qualified to criticize what he doesn't know; the ignorance of him who doesn't want his life to be disturbed by greater light, more truth, new discovery; who wants to believe only what he wants to believe, because it requires an uncomfortable adjustment to believe anything else, even if it happens to be true. Again, how long shall ignorance be justified? The question is perhaps beyond answer, but this much can be said: Even though we may not be condemned in honest ignorance, yet "it is impossible for a man to be 'saved' in ignorance,"* because the progress of mankind, temporally or eternally, requires a condition of enlightenment—and not of darkness. And while we may not be accountable for what we do not know and cannot know, we may surely expect to be accountable for what we readily could have known but wilfully disregarded, or were too lazy or indifferent to discover.

* Doctrine and Covenants 131:6

—Sunday, April 8, 1945.

Questions Beyond Answers

THE questions asked by children are seemingly interminable, as those who have attempted to answer them know full well. "Why this?" "Why that?" "Why everything?"—and every answer seems only to suggest another question. As children we ask "why?" to many things which adults accept as a matter of course. We ask "why?" because what is obvious to others is not obvious to us. And often those whose responsibility it is to teach and to train us in our youth rightly expect us to accept some answers which are beyond our understanding, because wisdom and experience, and because God and men have found the answers to be good. In other words, as children, we are asked to have faith where our knowledge and experience are lacking. In childhood, also, we find that beyond all the known answers, there are always unanswered questions, and so it continues to be throughout all our days. There are many perplexing questions in life, which to answer fully and satisfyingly here and now, defies all our wisdom, our understanding, our reasoning. True, some men can answer questions which others cannot. Some have acquired knowledge of greater breadth. Some have pursued further searchings into the unknown. Some have been given insight and inspiration beyond the preception and understanding of others. But, no matter how wise or how learned we become, no matter how experienced or how richly endowed, there are many answers which no man knows, which all of us together do not know, which all the wisdom of all men in all the ages, present and past, does not comprehend. There is still much in this world—much of great importance—which must be accepted on faith—and those who rebel against this fact, those who will accept only what they can positively prove by their own objective experience, are closing against themselves the door that opens upon further light, more truth, greater discovery. Even as in childhood we were satisfied in part, we questioned in part, and we trusted in part, so now, still standing as children in the presence of the illimitable unknown, still standing as children before that God and Father who made us all, no matter how much we may yet discover, there will always be questions rising beyond the answers, as hills rise above the hills, on an eternal horizon. But the fact that we may never know all would be a miserable excuse for not accepting gratefully what we do know, and with it working out our salvation, proceeding with knowledge where we have it, and with faith where knowledge fails us, to further and yet further achievements for humankind.

—Sunday, April 22, 1945.

from Temple Square

On the Expectancy of Death *

THE sobering events of the past week have brought us once more face to face with the solemn truth that the ever-present expectancy of death is never far removed from any of us—whether we realize it or not. None of us can avoid it. It comes alike to the great and to the unknown; to the righteous and to the unrighteous. Wherein we differ is not in our ability to avert it, but in the preparedness with which we meet it. At such times some question the judgments of God. Some find bitterness because of the circumstances and because of the seeming untimeliness of death. With our limited understanding, often we do not agree with the time and the place and the manner in which men come and go. We see many live and prosper, who, according to our way of thinking, may not deserve to do either. We see many die, who, in our judgment, have earned the right to live and whose presence among us is sorely needed. And if, with our limited perspective and understanding, we were called upon to give an explanation of the pattern of life and death as it daily takes shape before our eyes, we might be led to conclude that in it all there is lack of purpose, lack of justice, lack of consistency. But fortunately for us and for all men, it has not been given unto us to judge, nor to execute, nor to measure out the days and the years of men. We may be most grateful that such matters belong to the Lord God our Father, who sees things past and things to come. And, we may be grateful for the assurance that there is plan and purpose in this world, and in our own lives. And in this time of troubled hearts, when one day knows not what the next will bring, we learn to face all eventualities, with renewed conviction, with trust and confidence. And again we say to all men, God lives. His purposes do not fail of accomplishment. The destiny of men and of nations is in his hands, this day—and always. May his peace be with us, in this hour, and in all the days to come.

—Sunday, April 15, 1945.

*Revised from "Justice in Death"

result of an uncontrollable cause. To the world in general, it is a natural process—something which we may all inevitably expect, and concerning which we should not, therefore, be too surprised when it comes to us or to someone we know. But to those we love, to families, friends, to beloved companions, death is an acute loss, a sorrow that softens only with time, and the memory of which is never erased completely. And when death comes near, either to us or to those we love, it strips from life all of its superficialities and puts us face to face with the real meaning of things as they are. It is then that we have an urgent awareness of what is worth while and what is not, what we can take with us and what we can't, what really matters and what does not. There is no compromising of values when death comes—no temporizing. It comes when it comes with inexorable finality so far as the present scene is concerned, and the prospect would be dismal, indeed—dark with the color of darkest despair—except for the reality of those events which Easter commemorates—except for the experience of him who passed through death to life, and assured mankind of the continuance of life in the kingdom of our Father—a life which death can touch no more. And while those who grieve for the departed may not altogether silence their sorrow and their loneliness, they may know with surety that those whom death has taken, yet live; and that a renewal of cherished associations is part of the plan and purpose of God, our Father, in whose hands are the issues of life and of death. To you who have lost those you love, take this comfort to your hearts this Easter Day: that if a man die he shall also rise again, and from this life there is no parting that may not look toward another meeting, in the Lord's own time and place. Thus may the sorrows of this day grow dim, and the happiness we have known grow pale before the greater happiness of things to come. "... I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: ... Believest thou this? ... Yea, Lord: I believe." (John 11:25-27.)

—Sunday, April 1, 1945.

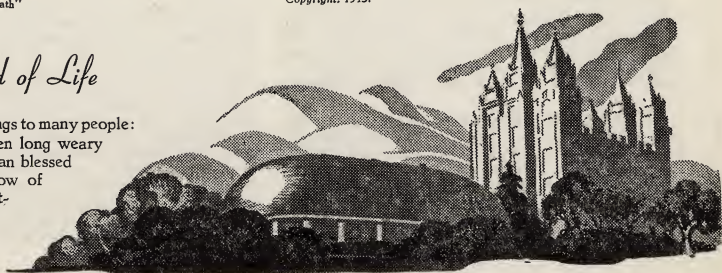
(Concluded on page 363)

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Of Death—and of Life

DEATH means many things to many people:

To one who has been long weary in well-doing, it may mean blessed release—the sweet sorrow of parting, and without bitterness. To a doctor it may mean failure or the expected



EDITORIALS

President Heber J. Grant— 1856-1945

THE *Era* has parted with its founder and editor.

We have all parted with a great leader, who, as a mighty prophet of his day, pointed to the path we should tread.

But, as we look back over his life, we throb with pride that he was our leader and prophet. His was a great life, an example to us all.

The key to President Heber J. Grant's diversified activities was his love for humanity. To bless his fellow men by securing the full development of their talents was his life's endeavor. That was the way of Jesus, whose apostle he was.

Individuals were his concern. He was less interested in average conditions than in the people who were in want. He grieved for the lost sheep. Therefore, he sought out persons who were in need—the widow with her mortgage, the soul-hungry business man, or the struggling artist—and gave them aid.

These personal contacts brought rich response. Thousands looked upon him as their own friend. They who had been helped, tried to serve others in like manner. Thus, his influence spread.

He needed money to satisfy these desires of his heart. He was a keen business man, and made money easily. His business enterprises were many. But, as he made money, he gave it away in help to others. He had no love of money itself, but a consuming desire to use money for good purposes. The miser was a stranger to his soul.

Youth was ever his concern. He knew that "as the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined." Church and other organizations for the welfare of young people had his good will and constant watch care. In the midst of his own financial struggles he gave scholarship funds to state and Church institutions. Education prospered under his administration of Church affairs. Students came to look upon him as their friend and defender.

The many who could not go to school engaged his attention. The reading habit—continuous education—should be cultivated. To achieve this end, he selected and bought good books, which he gave away by the hundreds of thousands.

He recognized the power of the printed word. He encouraged writers, and often secured the publication of their product. *The Improvement Era* was his child; and by his steady, forceful support, he brought it to a useful maturity.

He was patron of the arts. The esthetic nature of man must be developed for his full joy. He became a patron of musicians, painters, sculptors, and architects. He sought out such artists, encouraged them, bought their products, and often secured employment for them in their chosen fields. To the drama he gave lifelong support.

Above all was his conviction that full human development comes only from faith in God and his gospel. He himself was assured of the truth and reality of the restoration of the whole gospel of Jesus Christ through the Prophet Joseph Smith. He had seen that the possession of such faith had brought unalloyed happiness into human lives. He, therefore, gave unsparringly of his time and talents to the dissemination of this eternal truth to all the world. His own testimony, borne by

his ringing voice, burned into the souls of all who heard him. And his example, as in his continued temple work, strengthened the Church in its endeavors for righteous living.

Heber J. Grant was worthy of the praise men paid him in life and at his death. And he will receive the best of all plaudits. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—J. A. W.

June Days

WITH the daily press of events making us more and more on edge and worried over the course some of those events are taking, we need to take more time to enjoy each day and the pleasures that it offers. We must, of course, determine first the true idea of enjoyment and pleasure, or we may be misled into thinking that excitement and glamor are what bring joy. If each of us will think more deeply of the real, lasting satisfactions of living, we shall realize that they will endure throughout the eternities—and we shall need have no fear, even if we should be snatched from the earth at this very instant, for if we shall live each day to the full, we shall be prepared for any eventuality.

When is there a better time in which to start enjoying life than right now, at this very moment? June days were made to be reveled in, for as one writer stated:

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days!"

Every day should be gloried in, and we should resolve not to be pushed so much that we neglect to find some things to live on our spirits. We must secure to ourselves the satisfactions of the day right now, that we may recapture them on that day when we most need the light and gladness of June. If we will make time really to see the blueness of a June sky, the greenness of the trees, the vividness of the flowers which now are in abundance around us, we shall be surprised how rapidly we shall be renewed when we return to our work, doing a better job and at the same time finding increased joy in the doing. If we will fill our days with the beauty of June, we cannot help impressing our families with the goodness of nature and the rightness of the world and with the beneficence of the Creator of heaven and earth.

Some of us become worried about world events—and goodness knows there is much to worry about—yet, for our own sanity and for the happiness of those around us, we need deliberately to shut out these events for a greater part of our days. If we do so, we shall find that we can think more clearly and wisely concerning that part of the world situations with which we need to deal.

All of us belong to families. We need, as never before, to make for these families a haven of security in our homes. During these June days, we should make greater opportunity to cement these family ties. Relaxation is so important a part of living, that we shall be wise if we determine to let June have her way with us, forcing us to an ease that will make us refreshed and thus able to evaluate our lives more completely and accurately, and to give us the needed perspective to think the long, deep thoughts about time and eternity. Thus, each member will receive encouragement to do better, more joyous work, and with fewer tensions. Today, when June days are especially inviting, when all outdoors fairly begs us to enjoy it, let us be wise enough to store up for ourselves extra dividends for our future happiness as well as for our present comfort.—M. C. J.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

xciii. *Why Are We Called a Covenant People?*

A COVENANT means an agreement between two or more persons. Therefore, when a member of the Church, as is frequently done, signs his letter "your brother in the covenant," it implies that as Church members, he and others have entered into an agreement with the Lord, the Head of the Church.

The existence of man on earth is evidence that he accepted, in the great pre-existent council, the terms proposed in the plan of salvation. Otherwise he would not be here. The degree to which he will enjoy the promised results of life on earth depends upon his conformity with the agreement. Only when we promise or covenant to use a gift, and then keep our covenant, does our possession blossom into life. Therefore, in all the works of God, provision is made that we must earn by obedience, in part at least, the blessings that the Lord has placed within our reach.

The first ordinance of the Church shows the necessity of this principle. A man may have faith, and may even have turned away from his past sins, yet to enter God's kingdom on earth, he must sign, as it were, his agreement of obedience, his covenant with the Lord, to accept Jesus the Christ and the principles of his gospel by submitting to baptism. That is indeed a main meaning of baptism. This requirement was made of Adam, himself, the earthly father of the race; and is a continuing requirement of those who would participate fully in the blessings of the plan of salvation. All who do this become the covenant people of the Lord.

So important is this covenant, with the others that follow, that we are required to keep it in constant remembrance (before the coming of Christ by sacrifice) by the regular partaking of the sacrament.

Such covenants, to be valid, must be made through the Church, with its divine authority and power, known as the priesthood.^a Adam, who stood at the head of the Church in his day, was a high priest, and conferred like authority on others. Thus, from man's early history on earth, there was ample opportunity to make these authoritative, sacred covenants with the Lord. Unfortunately, as is well known, a succession of apostasies and corruptions of eternal truth left many wandering outside the realm of the covenant people. The restoration of the gospel in our day leaves no one now with that excuse.

There came a time, centuries after Adam, when Abraham, a lover of righteousness, desired to make his covenants with the Lord, and to receive the priesthood. His forebears, who had come down a priestly line, had turned away from righteousness. He decided, therefore, to seek a place where, freed from surrounding idolatry, he might worship the Lord properly. When thus approached, the Lord made a well-known covenant with Abraham, which makes us doubly a covenant people. He said:

And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee above measure, and make thy name great among all nations, and thou shalt be a blessing unto thy seed after thee, that in their hands they shall bear this ministry and Priesthood unto all nations.^b

^aMoses 6:64

^bD. & C. 84:39

^cAbraham 2:9 (See also Genesis 17:2-7.)

This promise of the Lord, which was also a call to service among the nations, was reiterated through Isaac and Jacob, Abraham's faithful son and grandson.

The essence of the covenant thus made with Abraham was the ancient, everlasting one, that those who are obedient to God's law shall inherit the blessings of the Lord. Because Jesus the Christ replaced the lesser law of Israel by the higher one, we now speak, for the sake of distinction, of the "new and everlasting covenant." The word "new" seems to have the sense of "restored," as in the words of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith, "... this is a new and everlasting covenant, even that which was from the beginning."^c

This covenant with Abraham was also a call to leadership. Therefore, it has been interpreted to mean that Abraham and his descendants were chosen to conserve in purity and to advance on earth the eternal plan for human salvation. Consequently, the seed of Abraham are often spoken of as the chosen or covenant people.

It does not follow, however, that the mere possession of the blood of Abraham entitles a person to special privileges. No one can be accounted of the covenant people, who has not entered into the required agreement with the Lord, or having done so, does not keep his part of the covenant. A broken covenant is "void and of none effect."^d This is made clear in a revelation to Abraham:

... as many as receive this Gospel shall be called after thy name, and shall be accounted thy seed, and shall rise up and bless thee, as their father.^e

That makes true kinship within the covenant race primarily of a spiritual nature. The covenant is a call to individual obedience and cleansing, and to cooperation with the Lord in blessing, if they so permit, "all nations" of earth. Those who so accept the call are the true children of Abraham; they become the covenant people. Therefore, the Latter-day Saints are properly called Israel—modern Israel.

In short, those who accept the gospel, whatever their line of descent may be, and who subject themselves to its ordinances, enter the covenant and become the true people of Israel, with full claim upon the blessings bestowed upon Abraham. They become, in any age, the membership of the authoritative Church of Christ. Brigham Young confirmed this view:

All Latter-day Saints enter the new and everlasting covenant when they enter this Church. They covenant to cease sustaining, upholding and cherishing the kingdom of the Devil. . . . They enter the new and everlasting covenant to sustain the Kingdom of God. . . . They take a vow of the most solemn kind, before the heavens and earth, and that, too, upon the validity of their own salvation, that they will sustain truth and righteousness instead of wickedness and falsehood, and build up the Kingdom of God, instead of the kingdoms of this world.^f

The covenant with Abraham was held as a choice possession by the people of Israel, descended from Abraham through Jacob. Throughout the centuries the Israelitish prophets discussed it, and held it as an ideal and a promise before the people. Jesus the Christ, and his followers, often spoke of it. In our day the Lord again spoke of it. Indeed it runs through the whole course of the Lord's dealings with man. It lies deep in the gospel structure. But it is an effective covenant only to those who obey God's law, of which the covenant is a part.

The children of ancient Israel were not true to the faith of their father Abraham. They are not so today. Nevertheless, the Lord has kept a part of his promise,

(Concluded on page 375)

^dD. & C. 22:1

^eD. & C. 54:4

^fAbraham 2:10

^gTeachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, p. 150

^hDiscourses, p. 160

REMEMBER JUNE 10

Melchizedek

WE send this final word of reminder concerning the commemoration of the restoration of the Melchizedek Priesthood to be observed on the second Sunday of June, as announced by letter No. P-11, dated April 27, 1945, from the office of President George Albert Smith, and, as noted, with program suggestions, in our issue of last month (see p. 281, May Era).

This date has been set apart for this purpose by action of the First Presidency and Council of the Twelve, with the request that "nothing else is introduced in the sacrament meetings on this night that will in any way interfere with these exercises."

A further thought for program emphasis is here offered: In many of the

wards and branches there will be present, returning soldiers, some of whom may have been ordained to offices in the Melchizedek Priesthood only shortly before leaving home, and who may not yet have been brought into quorum activity. This commemoration could well serve as an opportunity to welcome all such into Melchizedek Priesthood activity, and to impress them with the magnitude of their calling, and with the greatness of the privileges the Lord has given his Church and people in this dispensation through the restoration of the priesthood.

Brethren: Again we say, make this a significant occasion, and let the proceedings be in harmony with the lofty purpose for which the day is set apart.

priesthood whose membership is in the stake, whether the individuals themselves are at home, in the service, or otherwise away.

The percentage of attendance at general sessions of conference must be calculated on the basis of those who are actually present in the room where the general session is held, divided by the total stake population.

Brethren, we are not striving for records or percentages, but to "feed our Father's sheep." The splendid attendance at these various meetings recently has been most gratifying, and we encourage you in your fine efforts.

Faithfully your brethren,

COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE,
George Albert Smith,

President

P-9

Recommendation for Ordination in the Melchizedek Priesthood

To Stake Presidencies:

SOMETIME ago it was requested that the new form of "Recommendation for Ordination in the Melchizedek Priesthood" be used—the form having nine questions on the reverse side to be filled in by the person to be ordained.

We find that there is a considerable supply of the former books on hand, and because of paper shortages, it is deemed wise and patriotic to ask the Presiding Bishop's Office to insert the additional question No. 9 by rubber stamp and continue the use of these books.

We ask you to kindly discontinue the use of any of these forms you may have with but the eight questions, and to return such books to the Presiding Bishop's Office with a request for the corrected form.

May the Lord's choicest blessings continue to be with you in your ministry.

Faithfully your brethren,

COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE,
George Albert Smith,

President

P-10

Notice to Priesthood Leaders

GROUP LEADERS, have you sent your quarterly group reports to your quorum secretary?

Quorum presidents, have you sent your quarterly report to the stake chairman of the Melchizedek Priesthood committee?

Stake chairmen, have you had your secretary carefully audit these quorum reports, compile them, and forward them to the General Priesthood Committee?

All reports were due at this office April 15, and splendid response has been had from the majority of the stakes, but a few "stragglers" are holding up the Church summary for the first quarter of 1945.

In some instances, officers have not read instructions and both group and quorum reports were sent to the General Priesthood Office, rather than to the stake chairman for checking and

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Attendance Records for Stake Conference Meetings

To Stake Presidencies:

THERE appears to be a lack of uniformity in the method of figuring attendance at

meetings held in connection with stake quarterly conferences.

We are having the form of report used by the visiting General Authorities revised somewhat, and hereafter the report will call for the following information:

ATTENDANCE AT MEETINGS

Meetings	Day and Hour	Number Present	Percent (Based on Total Enrollment invited to be present)
Stake Presidency	_____	_____	_____
High Council	_____	_____	_____
Welfare	_____	_____	_____
Priesthood Leadership	_____	_____	_____
Mothers and Daughters	_____	_____	_____

Priesthood Meeting	Enrolled	Present	Percent (Based on Actual Enrollment and actual number present)
(Time Held)	_____	_____	_____
High Priests	_____	_____	_____
Seventies	_____	_____	_____
Elders	_____	_____	_____
Priests	_____	_____	_____
Teachers	_____	_____	_____
Deacons	_____	_____	_____
Total	_____	_____	_____

General Sessions:			Percent (Based on Total Stake Population)
Morning	_____	_____	_____
Afternoon	_____	_____	_____
Evening	_____	_____	_____

ATTENDANCE OF PRIESTHOOD OFFICERS

(Credit attendance at any meeting held during visit)

Stake Presidency.....	High Council.....	Stake Clerk.....	Patriarchs.....
Number of Quorums in Stake: Seventies.....	Elders.....	Members of Quorum	
Presidencies present: High Priests.....	Seventies.....	Elders.....	Quorum Secretaries present: High Priests.....
Seventies.....	Elders.....	No. of Wards	
Ward Officers present: Bishops.....	Counselors.....	Ward Clerks.....	

We desire to emphasize that the percentage of attendance at the stake presidency, high council, welfare, priesthood leadership, and mothers' and daughters' meetings is to be figured on the basis of those actually present at the meeting, divided by the number of those who are announced in the conference schedule as being expected to be

present (those to whom invitation was extended).

The attendance at the priesthood meeting is to be computed on the basis of the number actually present at the priesthood meeting (in the room), divided by the total enrollment of the priesthood in the stake. The total enrollment includes all who hold the

Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, CHAIRMAN; CHARLES A. CALLIS, HAROLD B. LEE, EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MC KAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, NICHOLAS G. SMITH, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS

compilation. This necessitates delay in returning reports to the stake for inclusion in the stake reports. Also some stake reports did not include all quorums, and it was necessary to return them for completion.

Please check with your secretaries, brethren!

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

Does the Cigaret Shorten Life?

RECENTLY a friend brought to our table a copy of a widely circulated magazine containing an article by Dr. Jesse Mercer Gebman, published under the title "Murder by Cigarets—Whiskey—Penicillin." We were greatly interested in what was said about the use of cigarettes by Wendell L. Willkie and Franklin D. Roosevelt. The former died October 8, 1944, at 52, and the latter April 12, 1945, at 63. Both are reported to have been heavy smokers of the same brand of cigarettes—Willkie used five packages daily (100) and Roosevelt four (80). Of Mr. Willkie the writer above named said he was a vigorous American but lived the average vitality-shaping American life—a heavy smoker and indulged more or less in the use of liquor. And if reports are true the same things might be said of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Now the question is, did the heavy smoking and occasional drinking have any influence on shortening the lives of these two prominent men? For answer we leave that question to our readers. But the writer above named, reviewing relative facts of the situation, made this strong statement: "Cigarets stand indicted for the murder of Wendell L. Willkie in the prime of life . . . and whiskey was an accomplice." In the hospital Mr. Willkie was said to have developed a streptococcal throat infection, soon resulting in three heart attacks, and he died of coronary thrombosis.

Dr. John Harvey Kellogg wrote: "Disease of the heart and blood vessels has now become by far the greatest cause of death in America . . . chiefly because of tobacco poisoning." Dr. Ostler of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, expressing a view shared by heart specialists, is reported to have said "disease of the coronary arteries and arteriosclerosis is frequently complicated by the use of tobacco."

JUNE, 1945

Dry Forces Active

Through local option "The Drys" are politically active in many sections of the country—are winning back many counties to prohibition. These successes are reported to have a sobering effect on the liquor interests who are stirring themselves to eliminate some of the objectionable features incident to their business. But try as they may the fact is

liquor and the law simply do not get along together. "There is an affinity between liquor and lawlessness that produces a violator for every regulation and a cheater for every tax." "Repeal" did not change the nature of alcohol or make liquor law-abiding. The problem of liquor is still unsolved. This is a challenge to humanitarians.

How To Make Smoking Unpopular

SINCE tobacco "is not good for man," why do men smoke? One answer is that they have become habituated and find it too difficult to give up the habit. This answer is true in many cases. Another answer, also true in many cases, is that people smoke because they think it smart to do so. They began smoking with only a few, if any, hazy ideas about the injurious effects of smoking but they were strongly influenced by desire to
(Concluded on page 360)

Melchizedek Priesthood Outline of Study, July, 1945

Text: *The Gospel Kingdom: Selections from the Writings and Discourses of John Taylor*

LESSON 72 WORLD PROBLEMS

Text: pp. 297-302. Topics: The Need for the Study of Political Principles. The Problem Stated. The Duty to Study Correct Political Principles. Destruction of the Nations. Unrest in the World: The Saints to Sustain Liberty. World Disunity. The Pattern of World Politics. Wars and Commotions. The Need for Constructive Idealism, etc.

Discuss: Why should we "seek to know and comprehend the social and political interests of man"? (p. 297.) Has the Constitution of the United States any significance for the world in general? When the world is "split up and divided into different nations" (p. 299), and because of wickedness, the Spirit of the Lord is withdrawn from them (p. 300), who steps in as a "god of battles"? (p. 301.) Why is the devil this "god of battles"? Here are two major problems: (1) disobedience and wickedness; (2) the division of the world among national "jarring interests" (p. 299). What can be done to solve these great problems? Again, why should the elders of Israel "seek to know and comprehend the social and political interests of man"? Does the Church have a great mission to render in this field? What mission? Relate it to the great and comprehensive idea of the kingdom of God, based on Christ's gospel.

LESSON 73 THE DREAM OF WORLD GOVERNMENT

Text: pp. 302-305. Topics: Will It Ever Be the "United States of the World"? The Factor of the Press and Public Opinion. An Enlightened Public Opinion Seeks for Improvement. The Dream of World Government. Some Sociological Considerations. National Obstacles. Human Means at Union Will Fail. The World's Problem. The Method of World Peace.

Discuss: President Taylor's statement (p. 303) that "a combination of circumstances must eventually result in some kind of universal government—moral, religious, and political . . ." Discuss in the light of the recent San Francisco Conference on world organization and gospel principles. Why are the present nations, as organized and

operating in the 19th and 20th centuries, an obstacle to world unity? (pp. 303-304.) What is the world's problem (p. 305), and why will mere human means at union fail? What is the proper role of human effort at solving this great problem? Is it any more, or less, than the human role was in conquering the deserts of Utah? If the "germs of this peace" (p. 305) are with us, what are they? What are the fruits of the "intelligence concerning these matters" that "has begun to be developed"? What need we do in order to develop this "intelligence" (p. 305) further?

LESSONS 74-75 MORMONISM AND THE AMERICAN NATION

Text: pp. 306-312. Topics: Inherent Rights. The Political Mission of the Saints. To Maintain Human Rights. The Constitution of the United States, etc. The American Destiny: Are We Competent? Who Can Take the Helm?

Discuss: Can the claim to "inherent rights" be maintained unless governmental systems recognize those claims as "legal rights"? What does Mormon experience in America and elsewhere prove? What is the political mission of the Saints? Is part of that mission to maintain human rights? What human rights need to be maintained in our day? What portends for the future? Why does the Constitution appear as the "entering wedge for the introduction of a new era"? (p. 309.) Do you think it has any relationship to the problems of world affairs as discussed in the preceding lessons? What? Why? Why then should the principles of the Constitution be maintained? (Get beyond surface ideas and try to plumb the great truths that President Taylor is striving to clarify.) What justification can American Melchizedek quorums see for having Canadian quorums or quorums of other nations study material about "Mormonism and the American Nation"? Or in discussing the U. S. Constitution? Are there some fundamental considerations involved here for the welfare of the human race? What are they? (Again, strive to get beyond mere lip-service to national "constitutionalism" and get down to President Taylor's meaning. Remember, he was born in England, and became an American by adoption!)



Genealogy

NINE GENERATIONS OF SPIRITUAL LEADERS

By Archibald F. Bennett
General Secretary, Genealogical Society
(Conclusion)

7. NEPHI, SON OF NEPHI THE DISCIPLE

THIS son of one apostle and brother of another probably was a witness to the Savior's ministry to the Nephites. He is the writer of the book known as IV Nephi, which he began keeping in the thirty and fourth year A.D. Soon the people were all converted unto the Lord, both Nephites and Lamanites. The latter became white and all distinction between the two groups was lost.

... and there were no contentions and disputations among them, and every man did deal justly one with another. And they had all things in common among them; therefore they were not rich and poor, bond and free, but they were all made free, and partakers of the heavenly gift. (IV Nephi 1:2-3.)

Lost cities were rebuilt, and in annals of happiness the years sped by, eventful only in the story of unbroken righteousness. Mighty miracles were wrought by the disciples of Jesus. There were no tumults nor contentions "because of the love of God which did dwell in the hearts of the people." Nephi had the blessed privilege of writing as his final testimony:

... surely there could not be a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God ... but they were in one, the children of Christ, and heirs to the kingdom of God. (IV Nephi 1:16-17.)

8. AMOS, SON OF NEPHI

The above named Nephi died A.D. 110, having kept the record seventy-six years. His son, Amos, kept it in his stead, for the long period of eighty-four years. It is evident that through righteousness the lives of these men were greatly prolonged. There was still peace in the land, save that in later years a small number of people revolted from the church, and resumed the name of Lamanites. Amos died A.D. 194.

9. AMOS AND AMMARON, SONS OF NEPHI THE ELDER

Amos the younger succeeded his father as keeper of the sacred records. By this time the people had so multiplied that they had spread upon all the face of the land, and because of their prosperity in Christ were exceedingly rich. This left room for pride and worldliness, and no more were their goods held in

common. Class sectionalism developed rapidly, other churches were organized, and the glorious harmony of their idyllic life was broken. Soon Satan had hold of their hearts, and it became fashionable to deny Christ, and to persecute and imprison and put to death his faithful followers. This dangerous trend continued until the death of Amos the younger A.D. 305, he having recorded events for the period of one hundred eleven years.

Ammaron, his brother, now kept the record. He saw Gadianton robbers prevalent, wickedness everywhere, and all the evidences that the race was entering the violent rapids leading to their final destruction. There must have been very few righteous men to be found. In the year A.D. 321 "Ammaron, being constrained by the Holy Ghost, did hide up the records which were sacred; yea, even all the sacred records which had been handed down from generation to generation. ... And thus is the end of the record of Ammaron."

Before he died there was yet one sacred obligation he must perform. From among the people he selected a lad of ten years of age, whose name was Mormon, the son of Mormon, and said unto him:

... I perceive that thou art a sober child, and art quick to observe; Therefore, when ye are about twenty and four years old I would that ye should remember the things that ye

have observed concerning this people; and when ye are of that age go to the land Antum, unto a hill which shall be called Shim; and there have I deposited unto the Lord all the sacred engravings concerning this people ... and ye shall engrave on the plates of Nephi all the things that ye have observed concerning this people. (Mormon 1:2-4.)

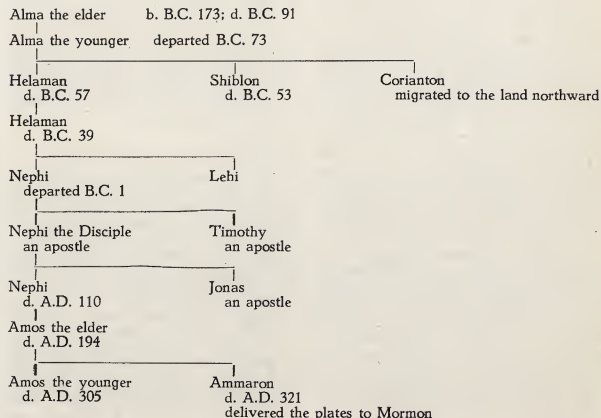
Mormon, like the previous record keepers, was a descendant of Nephi, and may well have been a descendant of Alma and some of the later leaders of this family. If so, that would extend the record of this remarkable lineage two more generations to Moroni, the last guardian of these priceless messages.

THEIR WORTHY CONTRIBUTION

From Alma to Ammaron! Nine generations of this notable family gave the world no less than fifteen faithful and mighty men of affairs, each under the Lord playing a decisive role in the great events of his day, shaping the destiny of his nation and influencing for righteousness the men and women of his time.

What would the Book of Mormon be without the faith-nourishing message of their lives and labors? What permanent loss the whole world would sustain—our own and every future generation—were there to be forever deleted from our sacred scriptures all mention of their marvelous ministry, their soul-inspiring teachings and even the very records written and preserved by the posterity of Alma!

THE POSTERITY OF ALMA



Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

Youth Speaks



RUTH L. STEINFELDT

(Ruth is a member of the Edgell Ward, Sugar House Stake. Miss Steinfeldt delivered the following address during a recent quarterly conference featuring Aaronic Priesthood work.)

My name was Ruth.

I was born in the land of Moab.

I was tall, slim, and dark.

In my eighteenth year I met Chilion and fell in love with him. He had been born in the land of Israel, but because of a terrible famine his family had fled to my land. He believed in the Israelitish God, Jehovah, whereas I believed in many gods and in the worship of idols. Even though we had this difference of beliefs, we were married and we were happy together.

Through my husband, I met a most wonderful woman, his mother, Naomi, who told me in a simple and clear way, about her God, Jehovah; that he was a kind and just God and was the only true God. I began to love and trust Jehovah, not only as my husband's and his mother's God, but as my God, too.

Then death came into my little realm of happiness and took my husband, his brother, and Naomi's husband with him.

I was lonely, but Naomi was more alone. One day she gathered together her few possessions and started on the long, weary journey homeward.

But I loved my Naomi, so I also took a few belongings and we went together. When we came to the border of my land, Naomi held me close to her, bidding me farewell, telling me to return to my own people. I looked back over the road of my homeland, the one we had just traveled, seeing the green grass and cool woodlands, and then I gazed ahead at the hot, dusty road that led across a scorching desert to a strange land that I had never seen. Then I looked at poor

WARD BOY LEADERSHIP COMMITTEE OUTLINE OF STUDY JULY 1945

Text: HOW TO WIN BOYS

Topics and Questions—Chapter 9— "Dealing With Difficult Boys"

1. Difficult boys are not necessarily bad boys. It is a serious error to always think a boy bad because he is difficult to control. Teachers have this tendency, however, and it should be carefully guarded against.
2. Consider the question: "Why are certain boys extremely difficult under some teachers but perfectly normal under the leadership of other teachers?" A candid answer to this question will frequently place the blame where it belongs, and it won't always be on the boy.
3. Let us not overlook the possibility that the difficult boy may be much more in need of the Church, its teachings and influence, than his less annoying associates. A good teacher will build his class discussions and programs around the difficult boy.

Topics and Questions—Chapter 10— "The 'Forum' Method"

1. Use of the "forum" method in teaching is frequently as good for teachers as it is for the pupils. Many teachers are amazed to learn how much their students really know when given an opportunity to express themselves.
2. It would be well to remember the likelihood that the only one who really enjoys the lecture method of teaching is the teacher. What about the pupils? Shall we not teach them as they enjoy being taught? Give them more opportunities to speak their minds and to ask the questions which bother them.
3. Ask the class to assist you in enumerating the advantages of the "forum" or discussion method of teaching boys. Write them on the blackboard and study them.

Naomi, with a bundle grasped in her hands, with tears running down her wrinkled cheeks, and I could not leave her.

So I said, "Treat me not to leave thee, or return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." (Ruth 1:16.)

Arm in arm, Naomi and I trudged across the desert to her homeland, both of us secure in the belief that Jehovah, our God, was watching over us.

Since that time, my name, Ruth, has stood for belief in God, for loyalty and love.

* * * *

My name is Ruth.

I was born in the Salt Lake Valley.

I am tall, slim, and dark.

In my eighteenth year I met John and fell in love with him. We both belonged to the



LANAKILA WARD, OAHU STAKE

The top photograph shows the Aaronic Priesthood members of the Lanakila Ward, Oahu Stake. It is good to hear from our priesthood boys from so far away.

In the lower photograph, the same group are doing their bit to promote the Church welfare program by cultivating a crop of onions.

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and had both lived its teachings. Thus, we were privileged to go through the temple and be married therein. What a wonderful feeling it gave us to go through that sacred place of worship and feel the nearness of the Lord and gain the secure knowledge that we would be together, not just in this world, but for eternity; the spirits we would bring into the world would be ours forever.

That evening, the first in our new home, we knelt together in the living room and John asked God to bless our home and all therein; my heart was filled with happiness and peace in knowing that the spirit of God was welcome in our home, and that John held the priesthood of God which was our protector against evil.

We were happy together; happy in doing things together. I went to Relief Society and met with the sisters of our ward and taught a Primary class; John went to his priesthood meetings and taught a class in Sunday School; we both attended Mutual and sacrament meetings and went to the ward parties. We were busy and happy in knowing that we were contributing a part of our lives in doing a part of God's work here upon the earth.

And when several times we were waked in the late hours of the night by the ringing

(Concluded on page 354)



Ward Teaching

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

Aaronic Priesthood

(Concluded from page 353)

of the telephone, someone asking John to come and give a sick member of their family a blessing, John would quickly get dressed and hurry off to give comfort and aid to someone through the power of the priesthood, and I at home, would be proud of my husband, and proud of the priesthood he held.

Then the sounds and cries of a world at war tore my husband from me and took him many miles away over land and ocean to fight. This war broke into my realm of happiness and left me alone in our little home.

And John across the many miles, as though he could feel the bitterness and confusion in my heart, wrote me these words in his last letter:

"If you could only be over here and see the suffering and hardships that these poor people are going through, you could better understand why I am fighting and killing.

"And do you really know what I am fighting for? I am fighting for you, for the happiness we had together, for our home, for our Church, and for the privilege of doing what we wished. I am fighting for all the people on the earth, for all of God's children, that they might have the opportunity to find a secure happiness under a peaceful sky.

"Don't worry about me, for the same God that is watching over you back home is taking care of me over here, and remember that nothing can really separate us, for we are together for eternity."

After reading this letter, my heart was full of peace once more.

In the early spring, just after the first robin had thrilled the morning freshness with his song, my son was born. He had the same blue eyes and crooked smile as his father's, so I asked the bishop to name him John.

In the evenings, when the darkness is just beginning to fall, I lay little John in his bed, and when I look into his sleeping, peaceful face, I can vision the not too far distant future, when his father, returned from battle, will be dressed all in white and will go into the water and baptize our son a member of the Church. Then I can see a few years later, father and son coming out of the ward together on Sunday morning, father looking proudly at his twelve year old son, and little John radiantly beaming with just having had the priesthood conferred upon him. I can then see our son, with a suitcase in his hand and a prayer in his heart, bound for the train that will take him to his mission field.

But that is all in the future, and I bring myself back to the present. I kiss my sleeping, tiny son, goodnight, and hold his tiny hand in mine and offer a prayer.

Dear God, watch over my soldier husband, keep him safe from harm and bring him back to his family soon. Let thy Spirit hover over our son, that he may grow up in a matter pleasing unto thee. And Father, help me to live worthy of my many blessings and help me to live up to the Ruth in the Bible, believing in thee and having loyalty and love, for you see, God, my name is also Ruth.

WARD TEACHERS

The teacher's duty is to watch over the church always, and be with and strengthen them;

And see that there is no iniquity in the church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking;

And see that the church meet together often, and also see that all the members do their duty. (D. & C. 20:53-55.)

Ward Teachers' Message for June, 1945

"SUSTAINING THE GENERAL AUTHORITIES OF THE CHURCH"

NO Latter-day Saint is compelled to sustain the General Authorities of the Church. When given the opportunity to vote on the proposition in any of the several conferences held throughout the Church, he may indicate his willingness to sustain them by raising his right hand; he may manifest his opposition in like manner; or he may ignore the opportunity entirely. There is no element of coercion or force in this or any other Church procedure.

However, there is the principle of honor involved in the member's choice. When a person raises his hand to sustain Church leaders as "prophets, seers, and revelators," it is the same as a promise and a covenant to follow their leadership and to abide by their counsel as the living oracles of God. Consequently, any subsequent act or word of mouth which is at variance with the will of the Lord as taught by the leaders of the Church places the sincerity of such person in serious doubt. One could scarcely have claim upon complete integrity, if he raises his hand to sustain the Authorities of the Church and then proceeds in opposition to their counsel.

Any Latter-day Saint who denounces or opposes, whether actively or otherwise, any plan or doctrine advocated by the "prophets, seers, and revelators" of the Church is cultivating the spirit of apostasy. One cannot speak evil of the Lord's anointed and retain the Holy Spirit in his heart.

It should be remembered that Lucifer has a very cunning way of convincing unsuspecting souls that the General Authorities of the Church are as likely to be wrong as they are to be right. This sort of game is Satan's favorite pastime, and he has practiced it on believing souls since Adam. He wins a great victory when he can get members of the Church to speak against their leaders and to "do their own thinking." He specializes in suggesting that our leaders are in error while he plays the blinding rays of apostasy in the eyes of those whom he thus beguiles. What cunning! And to think that some of our members are deceived by this trickery.

The following words of the Prophet Joseph Smith should be memorized by every Latter-day Saint and repeated often enough to insure their never being forgotten:

I will give you one of the Keys of the mysteries of the Kingdom. It is an eternal principle, that has existed with God from all eternity: That man who rises up to condemn others, finding fault with the Church, saying that they are out of the way, while he himself is righteous, then know assuredly, that that man is in the high road to apostasy; and if he does not repent, will apostatize, as God lives. (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pp. 156-157.)

When our leaders speak, the thinking has been done. When they propose a plan—it is God's plan. When they point the way, there is no other which is safe. When they give direction, it should mark the end of controversy. God works in no other way. To think otherwise, without immediate repentance, may cost one his faith, may destroy his testimony, and leave him a stranger to the kingdom of God.

Music

The New Latter-day Saint Hymn Book

By Tracy Y. Cannon
Chairman, General Music Committee

A NEW hymn book, to be used in all adult meetings of the Church is in preparation by the general music committee in cooperation with an advisory committee from the Council of the Twelve. The new book will supersede the present *Latter-day Saints Hymns* and *Deseret Sunday School Songs*.

In addition to preserving those hymns that have been found to be of permanent value to the Church, the new hymn book will include some hymns with new music settings, a number of famous hymns from worldwide sources and some original hymns, the words and music of which will be written by present day writers and composers.

Already many local poets have graciously responded to the general music committee's invitation to send in hymns, and the committee is deeply appreciative of their efforts.

It is now desired that music settings be made to some of the hymns, and composers are invited by the advisory committee of the Council of the Twelve and the general music committee to send in contributions according to the following suggestions:

1. The music is to be suitable in pitch, range, singableness and dignity for use by the congregations of the Church.
2. You are invited to make a music setting for any one of the poems here printed. (Please send in *only one manuscript*.)
3. Sign your manuscripts with a *nom de plume*. Place your own name and address in a sealed envelope and write your *nom de plume* on the outside of the envelope. Enclose this with your manuscript.
4. Send the completed manuscript to Carol H. Cannon, assistant secretary, general music committee, 200 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, *not later than July 1st of this year*.

It is hoped that all musicians of our communities, schooled in the art of composition, will respond to this invitation.

The following are five hymns for which worthy music settings are desired:

SEE! ALL CREATION JOINS

Seel all creation joins
To praise th' eternal God;
The heav'nly hosts begin the song,
And sound his name abroad.
The sun with golden beams,
The moon with silver rays,
The starry lights and twinkling flames,
Shine to their Maker's praise.

He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame,
By his command they stand or move,
And always speak his fame.
The fleecy clouds that rise,
Or falling show'rs, or snow,
The thunder rolling round the skies,
His power and glory show.

The broad expanse on high,
With all the heav'n's afford,
The lightning's fire that streaks the sky,
Unite to praise the Lord.
By all that shines above,
His glory is expressed;
But Saints who know his endless love,
Should sing his praises best.

HOW BEAUTEIOUS ARE THEIR FEET

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal,

How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are:
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns in triumph here."

How blessed are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found,

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

SAVIOUR, REDEEMER OF MY SOUL

Saviour, Redeemer of my soul,
Whose mighty hand hath made me whole,
Whose wondrous pow'r hath raised me up,
And filled with sweet my bitter cup!
What tongue my gratitude can tell,
O gracious God of Israel.

Never can I repay Thee, Lord;
But I can love Thee. Thy pure word,
Hath it not been my one delight,
My joy by day, my dream by night?
Then let my lips proclaim it still,
And all my life reflect Thy will.

O'er-rule mine acts to serve Thine ends;
Change frowning foes to smiling friends;
Chasten my soul till I shall be
In perfect harmony with Thee.
Make me more worthy of Thy love,
And fit me for the life above.

LOVELL WARD CHOIR, BIG HORN STAKE

MAY THE LORD GO WITH US

May the Lord go with us,
And with us abide
By his Holy Spirit
To direct and guide.
As from here we sever
Now, and still forever
May the Lord go with us
And with us abide.

May the Lord go with us,
And his tender love,
As a mantle o'er us,
Still our shelter prove:
'Till with happy greeting,
We, in joyful meeting,
Lift again our voices
To the courts above.

May the Lord go with us,
Then are we secure;
Life or death befalling,
We can still endure;
With his arms enfold—
To his promise holding,
We can travel onward,
Ever safe and sure.

LORD, WE COME BEFORE THEE NOW

Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Do not Thou our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
'Till a blessing Thou bestow.

Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let "the time of love" return.

Grant, we all may seek and find
Thee, our gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Lovell Ward Choir, Big Horn Stake

BISHOP FRANK H. BROWN of Lovell Ward, Big Horn Stake, credits his ward choir for the excellent attendance at sacrament meetings.

Rehearsals are held regularly on Wednesday evenings for two hours, under Merrill B. Tew, director. Veoma Stable and Daisy Tew are organists. Willard Chloe Harmon is president, and Nellie May Haggen, secretary.

—A. Schreiner





Homing

Music Appreciation

By Louise Price Bell

"WELL, how did you and Sally get along, Madge?" Mrs. Brown asked her sister, as she removed her wraps after a day in town. Madge had offered to stay with Sally and the two had had the day and the house to themselves.

"We got along just fine," said Madge. "Sally ate a good lunch and had a long nap. But there's one thing I want to ask you, Mary. Haven't you any lively, peppy records for her victrola? I looked all through the cabinet but couldn't find any."

Mrs. Brown smiled as she settled down in a comfortable chair by the fire. "Why?" she asked. "Didn't Sally like the records you played?"

"Certainly, she liked them. In fact she asked me to play the *Wild Wose*, as she called it, the second time. Now I like McDowell's *Wild Rose*, too, but I also like *snappy* swing music for a change." And the young girl looked disdainfully at her older sister.

"Of course you do, my dear," agreed Mrs. Brown. "But if you had a youngster, would you have swing music and ballyhoo-like records for her to hear, or something like McDowell's sweet melody and the *Barcarolle*, *Humoresque*, and things like that?"

"Oh, I'd probably have some records like that but I surely would season the assortment with something lively," said her sister. "What in the world is wrong with her hearing stuff like that? She hears it over the radio, doesn't she? And won't she hear it when she goes to other places? What are you doing—trying to rear her in a saintly little world of her own, so far as music is concerned?"

Mrs. Brown replied smiling, but there was a note of seriousness in her tone, for rearing her little Sally wisely and well was one of the most important jobs she had.

"Not at all," she answered. "Of course Sally will hear all sorts of music, just as she will hear all sorts of slang and probably even profanity at times. . . street jargon . . . mouthings of the uncouth perhaps near her school playground. That is life, and to be expected. And it's all the more reason why she should associate the cultured, refined, carefully chosen music and language and literature with her own home, her own family and her own life. Can't you see how these things work, Madge? The very fact that she is surrounded with the right music and speech and books in her own home causes her to make her own deductions. The contrast between these gentler things and the harsh, cheaper ones that she is bound to hear and see will be the greatest possible help to the child herself."

"I begin to see what you mean," said Madge slowly.

"A child can be no more refined than her surroundings—generally speaking," went on Mary. "My contention—and Bill's too, for that matter—is that if a child is given the right surroundings and environment in his or her own home, this will be the type of environment he will enjoy, feel at home in, and seek later in life. Sally already simply adores some of the finest classics in music; and she begs for *Alice In Wonderland*, and actually seems to enjoy it more than the funnies which the youngsters next door are always poring over. Perhaps it is because I secured a copy of *Alice In Wonderland* that has lovely and graphic illustrations; I don't know. I do know that I have tried and shall continue to try to build up in our baby the desire for, and interest in, the best. That's a long answer to your simple question as to why you couldn't find any 'peppy' music in the nursery victrola cabinet, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is, Sis," said Madge. "But it's a good one. I'll remember it—and perhaps I'll even practice it on a little brood of my own, someday."

Poetry Contest Announcement

THE National Thanksgiving Association at St. Paul, Minnesota, announces the poetry contest is now open for entries. Poems must be submitted not later than midnight October 1, 1945, to Mrs. Bernard Druck, N.T.A. president, 2052 Summit Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota.

First prize winner will receive a \$25.00 war bond; second prize winner, \$15.00 in war savings stamps; third prize winner, \$5.00 in war savings stamps. Five prizes of \$5.00 each are also awarded.

The rules are simple: Poems entered must reflect the patriotic and religious significance of Thanksgiving, and the historical reasons why the flag should be displayed on Thanksgiving. Three poems may be submitted from each entrant, and poems should be limited to twenty lines. They should be unsigned, but each entry should be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the author and the title of the poem, and the title should be written on the outside of the envelope.

Handy Hints

To cook macaroni or spaghetti without constant watching or stirring, place it in a colander and set the colander in a pan of boiling salted water. You won't have to touch it until it's done.—Mrs. G. D. C., Columbus, Ohio.

Whenever I bake a fruit pie I make an extra shell or two at the same time. I find that by adding one-fourth teaspoon of baking powder to the flour mixture before sifting, the shells will retain their tenderness for two or three days and will not crack.—Mrs. M. B., Springville, Utah.

To keep cane-seated chairs from sagging, tighten them up by sponging with salt water. This makes them stiff and stiff.—Mrs. C. T. M., Bellevue, Michigan.

To make your own soap chips out of laundry soap made at home, or any kind of bar soap, cut it into large pieces then run through a food chopper.—Mrs. I. H., Orderville, Utah.

Dampen broom in boiling water when sweeping floors, then it won't streak or make a dust.—Mrs. P. R. H., Vernal, Utah.

FAULTLESS FARM FUNNIES...WEDDING CHATTER

BY GRAHAM HUNTER



Cook's Corner

Josephine B. Nichols

H EALTH-BUILDING menus and recipes for June days:

Breakfast

Fresh Strawberries
Ready-prepared Cereal Milk
French Fried Toast Honey
Milk

Lunch

Scrambled Eggs and New Green Peas
on Toast
Head Lettuce Salad
Thousand Island Dressing
Peanut Butter Cup Cakes
Milk

Dinner

Stuffed Veal Steak
Parsleyed Little New Potatoes
Cooked Fresh Spinach Carrot Curls
Rusket Muffins
Butter or Fortified Margarine
Frozen Lemon Pie

Scrambled Eggs and New Green Peas

2 tablespoons fat
1½ cups cooked green peas
1 pimiento, optional
6 eggs
4 tablespoons milk
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
4 or 5 slices toast
4 slices bacon, optional

Melt fat in frying pan, add peas and cook two minutes. Beat eggs, add milk, salt, and Worcestershire sauce and pour over peas. Cook over low heat, mixing lightly, until eggs are set. Pile on hot toast and garnish with crisp, pan broiled bacon strips.

Peanut Butter Cup Cakes

½ cup fat
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
½ cup peanut butter
2 eggs, well beaten
2 cups sifted flour (cake flour preferred)
2½ teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup milk

Combine fat, salt, and vanilla. Add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add peanut butter and mix thoroughly. Add eggs and blend well. Sift flour and baking powder together. Add small amount of flour to creamed mixture, alternately with milk. Beat until smooth. Pour into greased muffin pans. Bake in moderate oven 350° F. for twenty-five minutes. Makes 1½ dozen.

Stuffed Veal Steak

2 pounds veal steak, cut ¼ to ½ inch thick
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons shortening
2 cups tomato juice
4 tablespoons enriched flour

Season veal steak with salt, pepper. Spread stuffing evenly over steak and roll. Fasten ends together with toothpicks.

Roll in flour, and brown in hot shortening in skillet. Add one-half cup of tomato juice, cover tightly, and simmer about one to one and one-half hours, or until the meat is tender. To serve, remove toothpicks, place on serving platter. Add remainder of tomato

(Concluded on page 358)

For Better Over-all Growth



Sego Milk now contains about three times as much vitamin D as it used to contain. Does this make it **better** milk for babies? Yes, such high authorities as the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association and the National Research Council say that milk containing 400 units of vitamin D per quart is necessary to give babies the best assurance of sound tooth and bone development and the best of growth. That is why the vitamin D content of Sego Milk has been increased from 135 to 400 units. The new improved Sego Milk is being sold at no increase in price.



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TASTES MIGHTY
GOOD ON
SANDWICHES**



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SPREAD..COOK..BAKE..FRY

One of the Basic 7
Foods recommended
in the U. S. Nu-
trition Food Rules.



**SO MILD..SO SWEET..SO COUNTRY-FRESH
IN FLAVOR**

(Concluded from page 357)

juice which has been mixed with flour to skillet meat was cooked in, and cook until thickened. Pour over meat.

Dressing

- 3 cups bread cubes
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped celery
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onions
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons shortening

Melt shortening in a frying pan, add onions and celery, simmer gently until tender. Mix with seasoned bread crumbs.

Rusket Muffins

- 1 cup enriched flour
- 1 cup Rusket crumbs
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon molasses
- 1 egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- 3 tablespoons shortening

Mix all dry ingredients together. Add egg, milk, water, and shortening. Mix only until well blended. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake for twenty minutes in oven at 425° F.

Frozen Lemon Pie

- 2 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
- 1 cup evaporated milk (chilled)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup graham cracker crumbs

Beat egg yolks in top of double boiler, add sugar, lemon juice, and rind. Cook until thickened. Beat egg whites until stiff; fold in custard. Beat chilled evaporated milk until stiff; fold into custard mixture. Butter refrigerator trays, sprinkle with one-half the crumbs; pour in mixture, top with remaining crumbs. Freeze in refrigerator for three hours.

Python Eggs

(Concluded from page 343)

hanging on a chair by the door. He was so drunk that the second he hit the pillow he was dead to the world. The realization at dawn of what he had done, almost electrocuted him. He came to with terror—he grabbed the door, pretty nearly pulling it off its hinges. He rushed out into the snowdrifts. He was almost a crazy man. One hundred yards from the house he detected a little hill in the snow. With eyes bulging, desperately but cautiously he dug into the snow. There he uncovered his sweetheart, the mother of his child. She was cold in death. The baby, through the protection of the body of its mother and the overcoat snatched as she left the room, had a spark of life left. The babe was brought back to life.

Defiantly our hero faced the gang. "Now, boys, if you are ready to put that stuff through my teeth I am ready for you. *I AM THAT BABY.*"

The python snake that night crushed the life out of a dear mother. It wrecked the home. If only the demon drink had been crushed in the shell—if a heel had only done its work at the right time. *Yes, it was a python egg.*



News from the Camps

Teheran, Iran

Dear Brother Widsøe:

Your letters are always so refreshing—like a tonic, they brace me up. News from home is like a good sleep—prepares us for the things ahead and erases all our cares and lonesomeness. If only more people at home realized the value of a few scribbled lines—how happy they make us feel—they would write more often, I'm sure.

Christmas Eve I met a Mr. Winsor. Perhaps you know him—Luther M. Winsor of Salt Lake. Well, there have been many important conferences held in this famous city, but never was there one as important at the moment to me as our meeting that night. I had wanted for so many months to find a member of the Church—and had made numerous inquiries to no avail, but finally my persistence proved successful and my search resulted in truly a most valuable and helpful "find." Brother Winsor is advisor to the Persian government on irrigation and has made many friends and has accomplished much good. It was because of his splendid reputation that I inquired about him,—surely God inspired me in my search, and we are becoming real friends—I feel very fortunate.

The Persian Gulf Command presented "The Nativity" during the Christmas week, and it was my pleasure to participate in it. There was particular delight attached to a performance of this nature, so close to the land where the incidents occurred. So much of the daily life of these people here is simi-

lar, as you know, to the events that took place when He walked the land nearby.

Cheerfully,
Shelby Arrigona

* * *

Overseas

A LONG awaited shipment of literature arrived about a month ago, and in the past few weeks we have filled so many requests that it has been like a rainstorm watering sun-baked land. I guess the individual pieces of literature distributed among the L.D.S. men must be about three thousand. We have reached the leveling off point now and have enough on hand to keep us going for several months.

Sometimes I feel that the folks at home should know the men who are proving leaders in their isolated locations in the war zones around the world. I can say with complete honesty that to me it has been an amazing thing to see how well the Mormon boys have carried on. They won't all come back, made over into new men. Some will return much worse off than they were before. For the most part, though, those who were strong will be stronger, and some of the indifferent ones will have caught on, too. I am eager to see how the home wards will be influenced by the tens of thousands of L.D.S. servicemen who will return after the war. I think there will be an impression that will be very great and very good.

Very sincerely yours,

Elden Ricks, Chaplain

L.D.S.-M.I.A.
GROUP
TAKEN ON
ISLAND X



L.D.S.-M.I.A.
GROUP
TAKEN AT A
SEABEE CAMP,
ISLAND X



• MY FATHER

By Jim Knowlton

WHEN I was younger than I am now, the most common argument that my friends and I had was about who had the best dad. Of course none ever converted the others.

I think I have the best father in the world because of the way in which he brought me up. For example, when he was telling me about the bad results that come from using tobacco, he would say, "I will surely be happy, Jim, if you never touch the poison." No matter what it was he was trying to put over to me, he always did it in the same friendly, yet convincing manner. It was inevitably, "It will always make me proud of you if you do this," or, "You don't know how happy this would make me, Jim."

Another factor which makes me feel as if my father were the greatest man on earth is his utmost confidence and trust in me. Everything I ever told him was the truth. Whenever I had a problem to bring up with him, he would always listen to what I had to say, give me his advice, and then always say, "Use your own judgment, son." Sometimes my judgment wasn't the same as his. If things would have gone better the way he said, it didn't matter; I had made a mistake and taken note of it. If my judgment turned out to be for the best, I got a pat on the back for it.

What did all this confidence and trust he had in me mean to me? It meant that I never failed to keep his trust and confidence. I dare to say that I have never let him down. If I did, it would be myself I was letting down.



*Glamorize Garden Salad
this easy way!*

DRESS IT UP WITH

DURKEE'S
FAMOUS
DRESSING

Combine 2 c. salad greens with ½ c. cut celery, ½ c. sliced radishes, 1 tsp. minced onion. Blend ¼ c. Durkee's Dressing with equal amount of sweet or sour cream. Pour over vegetables; garnish with tomatoes.



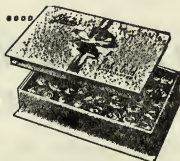
Add Durkee's Dressing to favorite salads. Use it on sandwiches, fish, meat or cheese dishes! Write for new, EASY-TO-DO-RECIPES to Durkee's, 2900 5th St., Berkeley, Calif.

Peak of the Party



When the hostess appears
with a box of those yummy
Glade's Chocolates, everyone
comes running. Yes, Glade's makes
any party one to be long remembered.

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as low as **\$4.98**

It's done with mirrors!

NEW CHARM FOR ANY ROOM—

Isn't it smart? A plate glass mantel mirror to add spaciousness in your living room, or a buffet mirror to reflect your lovely table setting! A full-length "see all" on your dressing room door, or a jaunty circle mirror over that ruffled vanity! Agree? Then just be sure it's a Fuller Mirror—beautiful, clear, sparkling. They reflect the best! Plate glass tops, too—for tables, dressers, desks. Cut to measure.

FULLER MIRRORS

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Replace window glass
with crystal-clear

PENNVERNON

Special machines make Pennvernon window glass abrasive-resistant, permanently brilliant—giving uniform, undistorted vision, beautiful appearance. Single or double strength. It's just perfect! (Don't forget putty!)

W. P. FULLER & CO. BRANCHES & DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WEST

Melchizedek Priesthood

(Concluded from page 351)

conform to a custom that existed among most of their associates.

Now what seems to be needed is a successful movement to make smoking unpopular particularly among the smarter sets. If this could be done, a far greater number of people than now, especially among the young, would look for reasons why they should not smoke. These would not be difficult to find. Science and religion can furnish them in abundance. So the question arises how to make smoking unpopular? To this question a suggestion has been made by Brother Mark Nichols of the General Board of the Y.M.M.I.A.

Among other things Brother Nichols writes:

Tobacco companies, through clever advertising have made the approach to smoking simple, yet deadly effective—playing to the emotions and dealing with that all important human urge—social popularity.

The tobacco situation can be changed and reversed by the same approach through which it has been built up, through an emotional appeal dealing with social unpopularity. Tobacco stinks. It does not make any difference who smokes it, or the form, or the brand, it always stinks. Anything that stinks does not have a connotation of social popularity. Body odor (B.O.) is detested by youth today as being a very unsocial thing. Halitosis is offensive. Tramps, persons dressed in filthy clothes, nitwits, etc., are likewise socially unacceptable. Tobacco odor (T.O.) can be put in the same category by associating it with social unpopularity. People don't like things that stink. The fact that tobacco smoke stinks and calling this to the attention of the public through clever advertising would soon have its effect on the public mind. Associate the word tobacco with "It stinks," and the flood tide of tobacco sales in Utah and elsewhere will ebb. A slang phrase of youth today is "It stinks" for anything they don't approve of. Tobacco can soon be placed in this realm if proper leadership is given.

When the idea, "*It Stinks*," is thoroughly associated with tobacco in the mind and feelings of youth and adults, a big part of the battle will have been won.

The above is submitted as a challenge to the resourceful readers in the hope that they too will be stirred to make suggestions on how to make smoking socially unpopular. If this could be done, the battle for abstinence from tobacco would be won.

A Tribute to My Father

(Concluded from page 323)

and sometimes even of reprimand—words that I had heard my father speak, long ago. And like that great warm blanket, they have shut out the storm, shielding me from whatever it was that threatened.

And thus, my father, through the influence of his words and the memory of his example, continues to guide me safely "through the storm."

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT (Address by President David O. McKay)

(Concluded from page 334)

power of expression" is a phrase he frequently uttered from the pulpit, and which is found in many of his sermons. "Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people."

SINCERITY

BUT there was a third quality more ennobling than either perseverance or gratitude which contributed to President Grant's nobility of character—and that is the basic virtue *sincerity*. When the news of President Grant's passing was flashed throughout the land, thousands of men in all walks of life turned their thoughts and admiration to a great character; approximately a million Church members, with love and honor in their hearts, mourn the loss of a great President and inspired leader; and, to-day, with these services as the center of attention, a million hearts beat in unison in tribute to one who was rich in achievement, noble in character, inspired of the Lord. One of the principal reasons why all these people—ministers of other denominations, leading railroad officials, and other business magnates, prominent educators, mechanics, artisans, particularly the common folk from all walks of life who "heard him gladly"—one reason, I say, why the multitudes esteem and honor President Grant is because he spoke what he thought, lived up to what he professed, kept his promises, and truly believed what he taught—in a word, because he was sincere! Carlisle ventures to assert that—

A little man may have this quality—it is competent to all men that God has made, but a great man cannot be without it. . . .

There are many things that we cannot be, and many things that we cannot do, but this one thing is within the reach of us all—we can pray God to keep our hearts sincere.

SYMPATHY AND GENEROSITY

SHINING with equal brilliancy to honesty and sincerity are the kindred virtues, *sympathy* and *generosity*. In the heart of our President, sympathy for the unfortunate and the distressed drove him with impelling force to give help and succor wherever needed. These beneficent acts continued right up until the last. Here, for example, is an extract from a letter he recently wrote to a widow:

Will you please tell me how much you are owing on your home, and let me join with you 50-50 in paying it at once instead of paying it by the month?

And here is another:

Dear Sister: I am happy indeed that I have been able to be of some little assistance to you. Is your home all paid for? If not, please let me know how much still remains.

These are but samples of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of such benefactions.

President Grant enjoyed making money, but he loved to use it for the benefit of others. On more than one occasion, quietly, usually, forcefully, if necessary, but always unostentatiously, he has protected the good name of his associates, has paid mortgages on widows' homes, has paid expenses of missionaries, given employment to the unemployed, rendered help and succor wherever needed. No mind has been more eager to bless, no heart more tender, no hand more generous than the heart and hand of President Grant. Thus in "going about doing good" he "fanned the flame of human love, and raised the standard of civil virtue among mankind."

I fancy today I can hear these words expressed in the greeting extended to him by his Lord and Master:

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. (Matt. 25:40.)

BLESSED WITH BEAUTIFUL AND GRACIOUS CHILDREN

TO build a happy home, to rear a family of sons and daughters to be good citizens and to be reverent toward God and sacred things, is to achieve the highest success in life. In this achievement President Grant has been exceptionally successful. His large family of gracious children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren showered him with love and tenderness. Surely, with respect to the care and attention due from children to a father, they have nothing to regret now that he has gone. To have a noble posterity, to see their successes, to bask in their affection, is one of man's greatest achievements. Just after President Grant's passing, one of his daughters, her soul shaking with emotion, said: "He has been a true, loving father to us children. Always so affectionate and considerate. Truly he loved us, and we loved him dearly!"

CONCLUSION

PRESIDENT GRANT's voice is silent; his heartbeats are stilled, but he still lives; for to such as he is given the divine promise:

I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. (John 11:25-26.)

His faith that man lives after death was absolute, his knowledge real that when he should leave this plane of mortality he would meet his former associates, rejoice again in their society, and in the society of loved ones who preceded him to the other shore. Often, in words as impressive as those spoken by Job of old, he declared:

I know that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, and that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God.

Persevering in accomplishment, sin-

cere, honest, upright in all his dealings, positive in expression, dynamic in action, uncompromising with evil, sympathetic with the unfortunate, magnanimous in the highest degree, faithful in life to every trust, tender and considerate of loved ones, loyal to friends, to truth, to God—such was our honored and beloved President—a distinguished leader, a worthy exemplar to the Church and to mankind the world over.

God bless Sister Grant who survives him. She has been a blessing and an inspiration to her noble husband. God bless his lovely daughters, their families, and their kindred, that peace may abide in their souls, and with it the realization that theirs is the great responsibility to be true to a noble heritage. May each of them find solace and comfort in the truth that their husband, father, and grandfather still lives; that death is—

Only the eternal way
That God prepares this lowly, mortal clay,
That he may send
Unto each soul a glorious resurrection day.

With a prayer that the Lord will give us strength to be loyal to his word, as you have been, President Grant, we say good-bye until we meet you again and clasp hands in a brighter realm.

That we may be privileged so to meet him, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



Oven Roasted Barley and Tree Ripened California Figs—Nothing Else!

**A boon to those who
don't drink coffee. A
healthful drink for all
the family.**

**CALIFORNIA FIGO CO.
Leonard H. Ballif, President**



1
JAKE: Mary, what do you say about putting another ten acres into freestone peaches?

MARY: Well maybe — but where will prices be when the trees come into bearing?



2
JAKE: Way I figure, *distribution* is the real key to future prices—and distribution methods are improving all the time.

MARY: How is that?



3
JAKE: Long as I've been farming, the Safeway people have been cutting down the "in-between costs." It's boosted our share of each dollar city folks pay for food.

MARY: But can Safeway alone do much good?



4
JAKE: It isn't Safeway alone. This streamlined method of food distribution Safeway pioneered is an idea that's spreading.

MARY: Good! I like the idea of streamlined distribution!



5
JAKE: Right you are! And say, did anybody ever tell you you're pretty streamlined yourself?

MARY: Hmm — time you got back to your bucksaw, you old timber wolf!

LOTS OF FARMERS THINK
THIS WAY — for example,
DAIRYMAN LAWRENCE CAINE:



"As milk producers, we're doing our level best to increase our production to help take care of extra demands during this war period. I believe in efficient distribution such as Safeway provides. By lowering in-between costs it allows consumers to get food at a saving. It also benefits producers."

NOTE: Better than a third of our customers are farm folks. Find out why. Trade one full month at your Safeway grocer's — and see how much you save!

SAFEWAY THE NEIGHBORHOOD GROCERY STORES

The Spoken Word from Temple Square

(Concluded from page 347)

Peace and People

It is time again to talk of peace—although it is not yet with us. When men have peace, often they use it carelessly and esteem it lightly. But when it has gone from us we come to know how blessed we were when we had it, and we yearn for it, in anguish and in sorrow—sometimes almost to the point of repentance. Peace is like many other things that are cherished in life as they are difficult to get. Those we love and live with, we often regard casually, and use them poorly, but sorely miss them when they are gone—and wish we had done differently when they were here. We tend to mourn for what we once had, and to abuse and neglect what we do have. There are those who fear that lasting peace can never be enjoyed by humankind. It is true that long periods of peace are rare in history. But the fact that we haven't kept it, does not mean that it cannot be kept. There are ways to lasting peace—and its time will come. This we have learned about it—and may we never again forget it—that it isn't something we inherit; nor is it by nature imperishable; it cannot be kept in neglect and indifference; and it does not come to men on their own terms: The terms of peace were quietly spoken by the Prince of Peace nearly two thousand years ago. There is yet another reminder pertinent to peace: Often nations are considered as something quite apart from people. But nations are not impersonal entities; nations are not merely structures of government—nations are people, and people the world over are endowed with a generous share of human nature. And if we can bring ourselves to realize what actions and attitudes in our neighbors would provoke us to resentment, what conduct would produce friction and misunderstanding among friends, in families, or in a neighborhood, then we are approaching an understanding of the problem of peace, for that which destroys peace in the hearts of men, destroys peace in the world, because men are men, wherever we find them, whether as individuals or as nations. May God grant success to those who gather for peace. May his Spirit be the directing spirit in all councils and convocations of peace. And may prayerfulness and humility invite him to attend. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; . . . that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!" (Isaiah 52: 7.)

Copyright, 1945. —Sunday, April 29, 1945.
JUNE, 1945

RECIPE FOR BLANKET PROTECTION

Take good care of your blankets! Protect them now from dirt, summer heat and the ravages of moths. If you follow the simple steps outlined here you'll retain the softness and fluffiness (which means the insulating qualities) and the beauty of your fine blankets.

STORE THEM PROPERLY

To protect from light and dust, store in the box the blanket came in, or wrap thoroughly in heavy paper, including a quarter pound of moth balls. Be sure the blanket is clean. Dry cleaning is recommended. Choose a cleaning establishment properly equipped to handle blankets.

USE EXTREME CARE IF YOU WASH THEM

First sponge or brush the soiled bindings with a rich lather made from tepid water and mild soap. Wash one blanket at a time, leaving in a rich suds in lukewarm water for five minutes. Douse up and down by hand and rinse at least three times. Do not wring! Hang to dry in the shade, folding smoothly over two clotheslines, so water can run off easily. Shake blanket occasionally and restore fluffiness with clean whisk broom or angora brush. After drying, use warm iron on binding only, but do not iron blanket.

BLANKETS WEAR BETTER IF REVERSED OFTEN

In daily use your blankets will last longer with frequent change of position, so with each change of bed linen reverse the position of your blanket.

RECIPE FOR BLANKET SATISFACTION

...ask your favorite store for Wool 'O the West

While war orders still come first with Wool 'O the West craftsmen, all good stores will have these fine virgin wool blankets loomed in traditional Wool 'O the West quality—the lofciest, loveliest blankets, combining beauty with durability and warmth. You'll be proud to own any of these blankets in smart, harmonizing colors—solid weaves or jacquard patterns. Each Wool 'O the West—Vogus, Netherlands, Health Ray, Royal, Anniversary—bears the label that means the finest in blankets.

PORTLAND WOOLEN MILLS, PORTLAND 3, OREGON

The siege gun in the sky

This is an Axis eye-view of a haymaker from America's aerial artillery, TNT tokens from a Flying Fortress. Veteran of every front since Pearl Harbor, the B-17 is one of the toughest customers in the clouds—and a great airplane that flies first on Chevron Aviation Gasoline. To assure smooth, dependable power in Flying Fort flight-tests, Boeing Aircraft Company's West Coast plant selects Chevron Aviation Gasoline. In these critical flights—in combat, too—Chevron Aviation Gasoline is proving itself a standout in the skyways—and paving the way for a great new Chevron Gasoline for the highways.

STANDARD OF CALIFORNIA



The FLYING FORTRESS flies first on

CHEVRON
AVIATION GASOLINE

Don't Be Afraid, Kid!

(Continued from page 344)

bered what Tug had said in his last letter; that a fellow had to pray a lot these days—

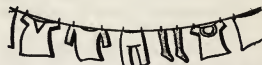
Skeeter had told him that guys who said their prayers were sissies, but Tug didn't think so. Tug said the bravest men said their prayers.

So Ricky knelt by his bed and prayed. He asked God to show him how to make their home the happy place it used to be before Tug went away, so daddy would hurry home from work every night, and mom would be jolly and gay again. "And please, dear God," he said, "show me how to make my mother glad on her birthday."

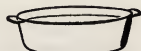
Ricky had been working for Mr. Garrett three days when he noticed Skeeter outside the window with his nose pressed flat against the pane. He was making signs which meant he would meet Ricky when he was through work. The old fear of Skeeter almost smothered him. He wouldn't meet him now or any other time. He was through with Skeeter Hampton. He looked like a giant plastered there against the window, and Ricky could feel his heart falling like a hammer. He wouldn't stand a chance in a fight with Skeeter.

At seven o'clock Mr. Garrett called Ricky into the back room. His face crinkled all over as he pointed to the table. Ricky followed his eyes and a warm glow of pride and satisfaction swept through him. There on a sheet of white tissue paper was the rosebud cup and saucer—the most beautiful in the world.

"Better take it home tonight, Ricky. Tomorrow is her birthday. Here's a little box—just the right size. Yes, sir,



Soaks clothes **WHITER**



Leaves **no rings** on dishpan or washtub



Keeps **baby things** immaculate

LOTS OF SUDS

EVEN IN HARD WATER



THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Don't Be Afraid, Kid!

we're mighty lucky to get an English Spode this year with the war on."

Ricky put on his leather cap and coat and tucked the box under his arm. "Gee, thanks, Mr. Garrett—thanks a lot," he said gratefully, then he was out the back door and headed for the short cut when Skeeter caught up with him.

"What's the idea?" he, snapped. "Trying to fudge out on me."

"I'm in a hurry, Skeeter." Ricky dodged and almost stumbled in the heavy snow as Skeeter blocked the path.

"Listen, Ricky." His voice was low and coaxing. "We're doing things tonight. You can horn in, too—"

Ricky bolted past Skeeter who grabbed his box with one hand and knocked his leather cap off with the other. Ricky didn't stop until he reached the lighted street. Then a little gasp tore through him. Skeeter had his box with the cup and saucer in it! The one thing he counted on to make mom smile again!

Anger blinded him as he sped back through the alley. But Skeeter was gone and the box with him!

All through the night he tossed and tumbled in his sleep. He dreamed of Tug. He could hear him say again, "If you have to fight, don't be afraid, Ricky."

HE awoke in the morning with the doorbell ringing in his ears; then he could hear voices in the hallway. Ricky dressed quickly and ran to the stairway and peered down. There was Patrolman Jamson and another officer. Then he saw mom and his breath caught in his throat.

"I heard the bell," she said. "I thought maybe a letter—"

Ricky's throat tightened. Mom was so thin and pale.

Patrolman Jamson said, "Mrs. Brooks, I hate to disturb you, but there's been a robbery at Garrett's store. Mr. Garrett was hit on the back of the head—I found Ricky's cap beside him—"

Ricky's heart beat like a wild thing. Skeeter had done it! Ricky couldn't take his eyes from mom's shocked face. She brushed her hands across her eyes and shook her head as if she didn't understand.

"Ricky—a robbery?" she questioned. Then her head jerked up like a young colt's stung for the first time with a whip.

Mom was really listening now! Mom seemed alive again! Ricky's heart was singing in spite of the awful things that were being said about him.

Mom walked over and stood in front of Patrolman Jamson.

"Do you mean to say my little boy beat an old man and robbed him?"

"Now, look here, Mrs. Brooks, I'm not saying he's guilty. He's been seen on the street at night with Eighth Street boys. I saw him just a couple of nights ago myself. Last night when I made my rounds, I found the door to

(Continued on page 366)

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This chemical when applied by a **MACK ANTI WEED GUN** kills Morning Glory, White Top, Knapweed, Canada Thistle, etc. at the roots, by a single treatment.

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the
family



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ENJOY LOMA LINDA
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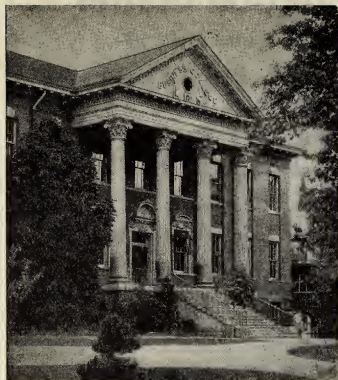
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NO RINSING! NO DRYING!**

NO RUBBING or scrubbing—and no mess to clean up afterwards. Just wipe this wonder-liquid on and watch the color of any cleanable painted surface re-emerge instantly...almost like magic! Dries quickly without spotting or streaking! Won't harm the finest paint or your hands. Get a bottle and you too will say, "Work is Play the Soil-Off Way."



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ERA

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Don't Be Afraid, Kid!

(Continued from page 365)

Garrett's store wide open. Garrett was on the floor in the back room, unconscious. The place had been ransacked. Ricky's cap with his name in it was right by the old man's hand like he had jerked it off the kid's head in the struggle."

Ricky stood glued to the floor. He opened his mouth to call out, but no words came.

Mom's voice was like a bell now, just like it used to be, and her eyes were like sparkling firecrackers.

She said, quickly, "Mr. Jamson, it's my fault if Ricky has chased the streets lately. But I know he hasn't done anything bad. I know it—he *couldn't* do it. He's not that kind of boy—"

She was crying now, great shaking sobs that let her pent-up grief break through.

Mr. Jamson lowered his voice and said, kindly, "Mrs. Brooks, I know how parents feel. I've got two kids of my own, grown up now and overseas, but we always think of 'em as babies. I've been coming in here to talk to you and Ed about your boy—wish I had now. There's too many youngsters running around loose because parents are too busy these days."

Ricky sped down the stairs, and put his strong little arms around her. "Don't cry, Mom," he begged, "please, don't cry." She held him close, and his head just reached her heart. He could hear it pounding and he wanted to stay close like this forever.

"I heard what he said but I didn't do it, Mom." He lifted his brown eyes to hers. "You know I wouldn't. I can tell about my cap, too. I know who robbed Mr. Garrett. I'll go and find him and make him tell you himself. He says I'm a sissy 'cause I didn't want to fight—but now," his voice choked, then he went on bravely, "now I've got to fight. I could say who did it but that wouldn't make him tell it—that's my job!"

Ricky's eyes were pleading as he looked at Patrolman Jamson. No one spoke for a long, breathless moment.

Patrolman Jamson pursed his lips. "My boy," he said, "I'll give you a couple of hours to bring this boy to me."

"Thank you, sir," Ricky said, and his young eyes were clear and steady. Yes, with mom loving him again he would try to lick the whole world if it were full of Skeeter Hamptons!

Mom hugged Ricky closer. She said, "No, Ricky, no! I won't let you fight. I'll phone daddy—he'll straighten things out."

Ricky's heart sank. Was she going to be like she'd been when Tug went in the marines? Mom had to see things straight. This was his fight. Tug had told him that when the time comes no one could fight it for him. Mom just had to understand how a fellow felt about things like this.

"Mom," he said, tenderly. "I've got to do it. Tug said so."

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

DON'T BE AFRAID, KID!

He tore from her clinging arms, grabbed his coat, and dashed out. He did not stop when he heard her call, "Ricky, come back, come back!" because he knew this had to be done.

RICKY hesitated at the corner of Eighth Street. This was Skeeter's kingdom; his gang lived on this street and they held secret meetings in the Castle, the old garage, behind Skeeter's boardinghouse. Ricky guessed that mom's cup and saucer and the lock from Mr. Garrett's store were in there. He remembered the big bell hanging on the door of the Castle; when the door was opened, even a little crack, the bell rang out so loud Skeeter could hear it way up in his bedroom.

He looked back toward Poplar Street; maybe mom was right, maybe Skeeter was too big and too tough for him. Then he looked down Eighth Street again. Tug had told him there were times when a fellow had to fight or be ashamed of himself the rest of his life.

His heart pounded in his throat as he kicked open the door of the Castle and the big bell rang out across the frosty air.

A minute passed—then two minutes—then Skeeter bounded out the back door of the house. His hair was ruffled up, his eyes were half shut with sleep, but when he saw Ricky they popped wide open.

"What you sneakin' 'round here for, Run?" he gritted. "D'ya think you're a commando 'er something."

"I'm not sneakin'," Ricky said talking low so his voice wouldn't shake. "You've got to tell Mr. Jamson you beat Mr. Garrett—I want mom's present back, too—"

"Is that so! Who's gonna make me?" said Skeeter lunging toward him. Ricky bent his head and ploughed in, desperately. Skeeter pounded his face with both fists, and Ricky could feel the hot blood running from his nose.

Skeeter made a quick turn and Ricky flopped backward, losing his grasp on Skeeter's arms. Skeeter's fist smashed his face—again—again.

Ricky's head spun, his nose was bleeding, his eyes were closing, but he hung on desperately. He had to win—he had to win for mom and Tug. Then suddenly he remembered the marine Judo Tug had taught him when he was home on furlough, and with a forward lunge he cracked Skeeter's throat with the hard side of his hand. When Skeeter lay gasping for breath, Ricky quickly turned him over, grabbing his arm at the same time, and with his knees planted firmly in Skeeter's back, he forced his arm higher and higher. Skeeter groaned, but Ricky hung on mercilessly. It was beat Skeeter or Skeeter would beat him.

"Tell me where that cup and saucer is," yelled Ricky. "Quick—or I'll break your arm. Tell me."

"No! I won't," Skeeter yelled.

Ricky twisted Skeeter's arm higher. "Tell me," he gritted. "I'm not foolin'. And tell the gang here you robbed Mr. Garrett. Tell 'em."

Skeeter groaned again and pain twisted his face.

"Let go," he blubbered. "I'll tell."

"Oh, no," said Ricky, putting on the pressure, "you tell first—"

"I did it," Skeeter gasped, "The cup—is—in the Castle, behind the trunk."

Ricky was satisfied now. He knew he'd never be afraid of Skeeter again.

(Concluded on page 368)

**IT'S THE
Fresh Eggs
THAT MAKE
IT Better**

TRY THIS Recipe!

APPLE AND ORANGE SALAD

Core but do not peel red-skinned apples; cut in eighths. Peel oranges, slip knife blade down along section walls, and turn out sections. Arrange apple slices and orange sections alternately on lettuce-lined salad plates, standing slices and sections upright so that finished salad is globe-shaped. Top each salad with a liberal spoonful of Durkee's Mayonnaise, and garnish with a maraschino cherry.



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DON'T BE AFRAID, KID!

(Concluded from page 367)



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It was mom's birthday dinner. Ricky lay on the lounge in the living room and watched mom and dad set the table before the fireplace. They always ate in here on birthdays.

He had to watch everything with one eye because the other was swollen shut where Skeeter had pounded him. His shins were skinned and bruised. His body was so sore and stiff he could hardly move, but the eye that was open beamed with joy that surged through him.

Now he watched mom closely as she lifted her brown velvet eyes to daddy.

"We didn't hear from Tug," she said. He watched her hands as she lighted the birthday candles; they trembled, and Ricky swallowed hard. She was thinking of Tug again. She went on slowly, "If we could hear—just one little word —"

Daddy hurried over to mom and pressed her head close against his shoulder. Then he talked to her in his low, strong voice, and Ricky knew that mom was listening because daddy only talked like that when he meant it from his heart.

"I know it's hard for you, darling," he went on. "It's hard for all of us. We've got to help each other here at home—that's what Tug expects us to do."

He tipped mom's face up so he could look into her eyes. "How about it, Mary—let's try a little harder. Let's be as brave as Tug and Ricky."

Ricky held his breath, waiting for mom's answer, and when she said, "I'll try, dear," he knew she meant it.

The table was all ready, and daddy held the high-backed hostess chair for mom. Tug always said mom was a little queen when she sat in that chair. She is a queen, thought Ricky, watching her dark eyes glow in the soft candlelight as she looked around the table.

Daddy called, "Come on, Ricky Boy."

He took his package from the mantle and limped toward the table. He stood right by mom and watched her untie the little blue ribbon around the box. A pulse throbbled in his throat when she lifted the cup and saucer from the white tissue paper. Her hands caressed them, tenderly.

"English Spodel!" she said in a breathless whisper. "Oh, Ricky—Ricky." Her hands touched his hair, and then her warm sweet face was pressed to his. Mom smelled so good—like roses.

"A cup and saucer! And to think you earned it, Ricky!" Mom held him and looked at him as if she hadn't seen him for a long time. Her eyes were shining into his. "Ricky, you're just like Tug—both of you are heroes! Daddy, look what this child has done—it makes me ashamed I've been so lazy. But I'll get busy on that white sweater, Ricky, this very night!"

Ricky's heart was singing. God had answered his prayers—mom loved him again and daddy, too—and he had helped him in his fight with Skeeter. He must be sure to tell Tug in his next letter that it helped to say his prayers.

His head was high when he took his place at the table. He could hear dad's cheery laugh and he knew he had kept his promise to Tug—home was safe now.

THE SOUTHERN INDIAN MISSION

(Continued from page 342)

the severe winter weather set in. There were difficulties and friction among some of the brethren; there was much work on short rations.

Five of the brethren had been sent to the Santa Clara to work among the tribes there. The account of their activities is given in detail by Jacob Hamblin in his journal, while Brother Brown makes only occasional reference or brief summaries of their work. At Harmony, John D. Lee had adopted the rule of whipping Indians for misdemeanors, as the best and quickest way to appeal to their intellect. Then when one of the white men struck an Indian with the barrel of his gun, the natives demanded similar punishment for him.

Many Indians present. It was agreed that L. Harris receive 25 lashes for hurting Indian Joseph, and 5 more for whipping an Indian boy, Lemuel. Jas. Powell was appointed to whip him; this satisfied the Indians and the chains were taken off. They have mostly gone to see the whipping.

The fact that they seemed to find it

necessary to satisfy the Indians shows that they were eager for their friendship, or that they were so in the minority that they felt it would be safer.

The missionaries decided to spend the Christmas holidays in Parowan and Cedar City, though Christmas day found them still on the road. "O Christmas of England! Where art thou in the New World?" Brother Brown asked his journal. Nevertheless, they did enjoy the parties and dinners and dances in the settlements. After a holiday of three days, the other missionaries started back to Harmony, but T. D. Brown remained to help with the Deseret Iron Company's books. For nearly two months he worked there, during which time he recorded faithfully the events of each day. When he left to return to his mission he noted:

Wages allowed \$2.50 per day, or 50c more than common laborers! They allow mechanics \$3.00, and masons \$4.00 per day. A bookkeeper's experience and intelligence of less value here than the bone and sinew.

He returned to his mission at Har-

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

THE SOUTHERN INDIAN MISSION

mony in February and again gives details of the work attending getting established in homes and preparing new land for crops.

Just one year after his first visit to the colonies of the south, Brigham Young came again as far as Parowan, and on to inspect the iron works at Cedar City. All the missionaries and most of the people of Harmony came there to meet him. Brother Brown tells of his own meeting with the president thus:

Prest. Young sat down on a log outside, conversing affably with many, and perceiving T. D. Brown outside the circle, stretched out his hand, asking how he did? and of the farming, fencing and water at Harmony and the crickets. How he liked the mission? Well, but sometimes felt dull especially when good Saints left to go north towards home. The Pres't, then said, - "Bro. Brown, you have worked well in mule harness, we shall soon put you in plated."

Brother Brown might have gone home with the president's party at the time, but he felt honor-bound to stay and finish his two years' work. Besides he had promised Captain Allen that he would go with him south to open up a new mission at Las Vegas and to explore the Colorado River. On Monday, 11 January, 1858, he records the fact that he lost his M.S. journal of this part of the Indian mission, but that he will give the important events from memory. He then proceeds to outline the trip south wherein six missionaries on horseback went to the Muddy and on to Las Vegas, exploring the Colorado River country below the Black Canyon. Since they started over this desert stretch on June 1, they suffered from the heat and from thirst.

The journal ends officially with this summary, though there are copies of letters to President Young in the same cover and some other material. It is interesting to note that of the twenty-one missionaries who came in that first group, only ten remained at the end of the two-year period. One had died in the south; the others had withdrawn.

It is hard to overestimate the value of such a record as this, for it gives an authentic cross section of the development of southern Utah, along with the social habits and customs of the people. Students of many subjects will find it a source book of dates and facts. To one seeking information on the development of the road through, this will give the story of the passing pack trains before wagons went over it. Such dates as "Sunday 30 July—The first mail under the new contract passed through Cedar City this day on its way from Gt. St. Lake City to San Diego" might be important to an historian, or the fact that on Saturday, 24 February, 1855, Washington County was organized.

Without doubt, the chief value of the record contained in the journal lies in the pictures given of the early-day Indians, and of the hardships of those who first tried to carry Christianity to them. But the sidelights on Mormon communi-

ty life, on the meetings and the topics for discussion, on the dances and theaters and entertainments, are hardly less valuable. Consider such an entry as this:

Attended a meeting this evening to arrange a discussion between R. Dickson and Arthur Parker on English Grammar. Question: Whether the Old System of English Grammar, or Brown's New System of Syntithology is the better? James Lewis of Parowan and T. D. Brown were appointed to judge and decide. Jno. Pugmire, Chair-

man. Bros. Bosnell, Harrison and Liston committee. . . .

What could be more eloquent than that of the efforts of the group to improve themselves? Could one imagine such a meeting being held in a mining town of Nevada? What colony so newly established (outside Mormondom) would begin so early to have public debates?

The study of this record and others like it cannot but give new appreciation for the work of colonizing this difficult land, and new respect for the men who achieved it.

The end.



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ITS BEST THE YEAR AROUND

at

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

PROVO, UTAH

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT *(Address by President George Albert Smith)*

(Continued from page 332)

and the still more savage red men. At this time she returned to her family in New Jersey and later came with her sister to the Salt Lake Valley where she married Jedediah M. Grant. She had one son, Heber J. Grant.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S father died when President Grant was a babe, and he had the joy of growing up to provide for and support his mother who to him was the most angelic soul he ever knew. She came to this valley to live when it took great faith to face her problems. This man whose earthly remains are in this casket has seen come into existence in this city during his lifetime nearly every building, every street, every improved road, practically all the trees, all the churches, and the temple that stands to the east of this building. He lived to see the city grow from a small village to a pulsating metropolis in the tops of these everlasting hills. President Grant made a wonderful contribution toward bringing that about; not however with the object that people might have wealth and comfort, but to the end that they might be so provided with the necessities of life that their hearts would turn to God and have a desire to honor him and keep his commandments and thereby prepare for eternal happiness.

His mother taught him the gospel of Jesus Christ, not only as it was contained in the Old and New Testaments, but in the other scriptures, including the Book of Mormon, which is known as the American volume of scripture. In that book we have one of the most unusual statements with reference to where the spirit of man goes when it leaves his physical body and is waiting for the time of the resurrection. This may be found in the fortieth chapter of Alma. She also accepted and taught her son the revelations contained in the Doctrine and Covenants, where it explains the various degrees of glory into which the human family is assigned after the resurrection. President Grant's life was made rich by the devotion of this Christian mother who forsook the comforts of a palatial home on the eastern seaboard finally to make her home here and to earn her own living with her hands while her son was developing. She was a daughter of God in every sense of the word. She was a real mother. Her love and devotion were showered upon that boy. She saw him grow from childhood to manhood and take his place among his fellows. She saw him grow to become one of the leaders of the Church with which he and she were identified, and I have no doubt that she has been watching over him these many years since he was called to preside over this great organization as the mouthpiece of the Father of us all.

I can imagine now that on the other side there is a happy reunion with his father and mother, brothers and sisters and loved ones who have preceded him. They may already have welcomed him home; and what a story of faith and de-

votion and self-sacrifice and unselfishness he will be able to tell them.

THERE have been many men who have lived in the land in which we live, but I know of none of them who has been more determined, more faithful, more desirous of doing the things that would enrich the lives of our Father's other children and bring happiness to them.

His mother believed in the divine mission of Joseph Smith, the Prophet. She believed the revelations that were given to him, accepted them, and lived to see some of the prophecies contained in them fulfilled in her own lifetime.

Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, not only read the scriptures but he also went out into the woods to pray when he was but a youth, not yet fifteen years of age. He wanted to know what the Lord desired him to do. He had read in James:

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. (James 1:5.)

And believing that, he put it to the test. He went out into the woods near his home in Palmyra, knelt down, and prayed to the Lord for light and wisdom. He wanted to know what organization he should be identified with. There were many churches and he was confused, and his own story is that a beautiful light overshadowed him and in that light he saw two glorified Personages standing in mid-air. One of them asked him what he desired. He said: "I asked the Personages who stood above me in the light, which of all the sects was right—and which I should join." One of them, turning to the other said, "This is my Beloved Son—hear him." Jesus, our resurrected Lord, then told him not to join any church but to prepare himself for future service.

That was evidence in our day of the resurrection, because it was the resurrected Jesus Christ, our Lord, who

had come with his Father to open another dispensation to restore that which had been lost to so many of our Father's children, and to offer it again to the children of men, not to take anything away from them, but to add to the richness of their lives and prepare them for eternal happiness.

President Grant's training was of that character. He lived in a home where there was family and individual prayer, morning and evening, and where thanks for the food partaken of, was always given. In his home he was taught to honor father and mother, honor his Heavenly Father, and to love his neighbor as himself. I know of no man who has been more generous in his contribution of himself and of the means that have come into his hands. He tried to make his brothers and sisters of all faiths and creeds happier.

The resurrection is a reality. Joseph Smith had a visitation from John the Baptist, the same who baptized Jesus Christ our Lord, and received at his hands the Holy Priesthood. This man believed that. Peter, James, and John, the associates of the Savior, as resurrected beings, came and conferred the Melchizedek Priesthood upon Joseph the Prophet. It was that priesthood that this man held. Instead of having taken anything away, these heavenly messengers brought again that which had been lost to the world, with the result that the ministry of this servant of the Lord has been fraught with love and kindness and helpfulness all these long years.

TODAY I sorrow at the separation that has come. After more than forty years one learns to know a man's virtues and to appreciate his greatness, especially when he is great, as this man has been. I sympathize with this lovely family, and it is a lovely family, and how proud he has been of them. He has loved and cherished dear Aunt Gusta, his wife that has stood by his side even until now. She sits in our presence today like a queen surrounded by these dear ones she has mothered all their lives. As I look into your faces, I congratulate you with all my heart for having had so great a husband and father and grandfather and great-grandfather, and that you have so loved that you have appreciated the things that he has done for you. It will not be long, even as we measure time here, until the members of this family will begin to be called to the great beyond. They will receive their summons the same as he has received his. Not all will live to the advanced age of your father and Aunt Gusta, but the time will come for you to go hence. I desire to say to this family, if you want to go to the place where this man has gone, if you want to enjoy eternal life in the celestial kingdom, then pattern your lives after the example of his life, follow the example that he has set. If you do this, nobody can prevent you from being united again with him and all the rest

Favorite Poetry

(Concluded from page 329)

J. G. Holland's "God Give Us Men":

God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and
ready hands.

Men whom the lust of office does not kill
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without
winking.

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the
fog

In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn
creeds,

Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife—lo! Freedom weeps;
Wrong rules the land; and waiting Justice
sleeps.

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

of the family who have gone and who will be going from time to time.

Now, brethren and sisters, these are some of the things that come to my mind today. I have no words to express my gratitude for the assurance of the resurrection. If I know anything, I know that it is true, because we have not only the evidences I have referred to, but others that I have not time to refer to. We are living eternal lives, every one of us, and I want to leave my testimony with you that I do know that, as I know that I live. I pray that the spirit of our Heavenly Father may be with us, that we may follow his teachings, that we may love our neighbors as ourselves, that we may go about doing good, realizing that all the treasures that we will find when we go to the other side will be those that we have laid up there by ministering to our Father's other sons and daughters with whom we have associated here. He has made this possible for all of us, and during our stay here we will be happier serving our fellows than we could possibly be in any other way. I pray that the spirit that has pervaded this house today, that has been with this man all his life and with his dear wife and children, may continue with you forever.

Let me give you a little advice that was given by the grandfather of the Prophet Joseph Smith to his family:

Meet together often. Keep acquainted with one another. Learn to love these children that are here and all others that may later be born. Cause them to appreciate one another and repeat to them over and over the virtues of the great man whose mortal remains are in this casket, who has gone home to the God who gave him life. We may all know the truth of eternal life if we will but follow in the footsteps of President Grant.

So today, knowing it as I know that I live, I leave this witness with you, that if we will live for it our Heavenly Father will give to us eternal life in the celestial kingdom—and that celestial kingdom will be this earth which we dwell upon, when it is cleansed and purified, and when it becomes the kingdom that will be presided over by Jesus Christ our Lord. For that knowledge and for that gift that has come to me I am profoundly grateful. I pray that all may have such blessings and have them abundantly through righteous living, so that in the end when we shall be gathered before the throne of God to receive our reward, because of our righteous lives, because we have gone about doing good, because we have lived as the Lord would have us live, we may find our names enrolled in the Lamb's Book of Life, not one missing, and I pray that it may be so, in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

RESTORATION OF THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

(Continued from page 339)

Knight had taken supplies in wagon loads to him and Oliver on several occasions. Without this assistance, it would have been necessary for the translators to stop their work and find employment to provide means with which to sustain themselves. Isaac Hale had for a time provided for them, but when the Prophet refused to let him see the plates, he drove them from his home and refused further help. He gave them a measure of protection as a matter of justice, being a believer in law and order, but he refused to provide for them. In May 1829, probably just before the Aaronic Priesthood was restored, Joseph Knight had visited the Prophet at Harmony, and a revelation had been given to him through the Prophet. It is section twelve in the Doctrine and Covenants. Joseph Knight had desired to know his duty concerning the work then being carried on, and the revelation was given. Of him, the Prophet wrote later, "I wish to make honorable mention."

Joseph Knight also had been very close to the Prophet. In a letter to Joseph Smith, written for him by Mrs. Martha Campbell, and dated December 19, 1843, sixteen years later, Josiah Stowel referred to the fact that he had taken the Book of Mormon plates from the Prophet as he reached the farm on

September 22, 1827. Joseph had hidden the plates near Hill Cumorah for protection after he had received them from the Angel Moroni. He went back for them later. On his way home he had been attacked by wicked men who had attempted to secure possession of the plates, but he had defended himself and outdistanced his pursuers. When he reached home he was exhausted and turned the heavy plates over to Josiah Stowel, according to the latter's statement. Both Josiah Stowel and Joseph Knight, with members of the Smith family, went in pursuit of the Prophet's assailants, but failed to find them.

(That Josiah Stowel did not see the plates even though he handled them is evident from his statement, in the letter referred to, that when he took the plates from the Prophet he had said, "Blessed is he that sees and believeth and more blessed is he that believeth without seeing." (The plates were wrapped in a frock or linen "duster.") In the same letter is a statement that he (Stowel) "never staggered at the foundation of the work for he knew too much concerning it.")

The numbering and dating of the sections of the Doctrine and Covenants are reasons for believing that the revelation given to Joseph Knight was received shortly before the restoration of the

(Continued on page 372)

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RESTORATION OF THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

(Continued from page 371)

Aaronic Priesthood. While all the sections of the Doctrine and Covenants are not numbered in the exact order in which they were received, there appears to be no good reason for believing that sections twelve and thirteen (and probably fourteen) were not given in that order as they were finally arranged in that sequence under the direction of the Prophet.

Section twelve was given to Joseph Knight, through the Prophet "in the month of May 1829." The day is not given. Section thirteen, dealing with the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood, is definitely dated May 15. Section fourteen was given at Fayette in June.

In view of these dates it might be assumed that Joseph and Oliver were on their way to Fayette from Harmony by way of Colesville, which would not have been far out of their way, when the Melchizedek Priesthood was restored. This, however, could not very well have been the case due to the fact that the journey to Fayette from Harmony is described by the Prophet as having been made in "a two-horse wagon" brought to Harmony by David Whitmer. As David was not present when Peter, James, and John appeared in "the wilderness"—at least that is indicated by the fact that Joseph and Oliver were the only ones mentioned—it appears that the journey to Colesville

was made for some specific purpose and that, their purpose having been accomplished, these brethren then returned to Harmony. Shortly afterward, the Prophet says, "In the beginning of the month of June" (*D.H.C.*, Volume One, page 48) David Whitmer arrived and took them to his father's home in Fayette, Seneca County, a distance of some 120 miles.

As it appears from the record (*Comprehensive History*, Volume I, page 183) that the Melchizedek Priesthood had been restored before Joseph and Oliver left Harmony to reside in Fayette, it would seem that the journey to Colesville, during which the Melchizedek Priesthood was restored, was made soon after May 15 when the Aaronic Priesthood was restored.

For a time after the first baptisms and the restoration of authority to act in temporal ordinances, it appeared desirable to keep the matter secret in view of the attitude of the people of Harmony; but it was not kept secret for long. By May 25 the story had been told to Samuel H. Smith, Joseph's brother. He had considered it earnestly and prayerfully, and on that day was baptized at Harmony. The next nearest friends were the Knights at Colesville and the Stowels at South Bainbridge. As there is nothing in the record to indicate that Joseph and Oliver were at Harmony together between the time of their removal to Fayette and the organization of the Church, which definitely required the authority of the Melchizedek Priesthood, there appear to be strong grounds for believing that the Higher Priesthood may have been restored before they removed from Harmony. This would place the date not later than early June of 1829. This belief follows the reasoning, with slight variations, of Elder B. H. Roberts, one of our most accurate and conscientious historians, in his *Comprehensive History of the Church* (Volume I, page 183).

When Joseph and Oliver journeyed to Colesville, they were going to visit some of their most loyal and intimate friends. Could it have been that their purpose was to carry the good news of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood? These same men, Joseph Knight and Josiah Stowel, had been so highly favored as to have been permitted to know in advance the date and to be present when the Book of Mormon plates were brought to the Joseph Smith farm. Josiah Stowel had handled the plates and Joseph Knight had been given a special revelation. Obviously, they were in the Prophet's confidence.

The most significant thing in connection with the restoration of the Melchizedek Priesthood is not the date nor the place—it is the fact that it did occur. Of this there is no doubt in the minds of true Latter-day Saints. The fruits of the Restoration have been demonstrated throughout the civilized world. The power of the priesthood



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RESTORATION OF THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

has been manifest too many times to admit of any reasonable doubt. Later revelations attest the fact. The Savior confirmed it. (D. & C. 27:12, 13.) Other heavenly messengers gave complete recognition to it. Thousands of worthy men who hold the Melchizedek Priest-

hood today can bear testimony to its reality.

On that unnamed date, in that unknown place, an event occurred which has affected, and will continue to affect, the entire world as long as human beings inhabit the earth.

FROM SAGEBRUSH TO SAND DUNES

(Continued from page 341)

many girls who glean in the fields just as in the days of Ruth. And water, which is so essential to most westerners, is a scarcity in that land. "In Iran water means life, for without it, there is only barren waste." He found it a very common experience to see a woman carry one hundred pounds of water on her back or head for five miles, in a jug or a pigginskin or a goatskin. And he added: "This will be corrected if I can stay long enough."

PROFESSOR WINSOR has seen some results of his labors, for he has written in several letters such things as the following:

I was present at commencement of harvest on some 7000 acres, on one of our new projects. Splendid crop. Five combines were working day and night when I left. This seems to be the only spot in Iran where modern machinery is used for harvesting.

I have just had the satisfaction of seeing the beginning of harvest on one of our big projects where we'll produce at least [censor cut out the figure] pounds of wheat, thus saving the same amount of shipping to this country—for every pound produced here means that much shipping saved. This is only the beginning. This land will produce another crop just before the end of the present season. . . .

In pursuance of his plans, Professor Winsor had of necessity to make trips inland and under the most hazardous of conditions. Not only did the means of transportation constitute hazards, but also the nature of the people among whom he must pass afforded obstacles.

At one place I went with cavalry escort high into the mountains to the headwaters of a river system to investigate the possibility of diverting water to a fertile district where the population has been faced with starvation due to shortage of water. I found the project to be feasible, and the plans are well under way toward starting construction. As we rode into a beautiful mountain valley we were met by a considerable number of armed guards from the village (a tent city) where one of the big tribes has its summer abode. We sent a Molah in flying white robes out ahead to make a peace talk. Presently the chief of the tribe and our Molah came to greet us and bade us enter. He took us through the village on up to the headwaters where we found a sparkling spring about like the big spring in Logan Canyon. . . . We chatted with the chief and his aids, and I explained the purpose of my visit to his territory. He seemed to be convinced that I was there on a peaceful invasion. . . .

Later, Professor Winsor learned that some of the soldiers of this chief had been hidden behind rocks during the entire expedition. If anything suspicious had occurred, Mr. Winsor's party would have been picked off—and left to bleach under the desert sun.

In a letter sent to a son, then fighting with the armed forces in Germany, Mr. Winsor wrote:

I was making a survey for water installation at a Persian military post on one of the big rivers down south. I had a plan table crew out and had taken a rod to give the instrument man readings to determine the amount of drop in the water surface under the railroad bridge. I was giving a reading directly under the bridge. The water-fall made so much noise I did not hear the challenge of a British Indian guard, who was on the bridge some sixty feet above. Finally I heard him and looked up into the muzzle of a rifle. Fortunately, he did not shoot. I left the spot and called the work off for the day. I then checked with the officer in command and found that the guard had orders to challenge twice, then shoot. I know the Indians well enough to know that they shoot on the slightest provocation so I really had a close call. I went back later and talked with the guards and cleared the way for completing the job.

The integrity of Professor Winsor was recognized by the common people as well as by the king. In district after district when they learned that he was in their midst, they would come to express their appreciation. They even slept all night on the ground in the courtyards and gardens that they might see him and express their gratitude. Modestly, he stated:

The people appreciate my service because I am active in administering justice and in carrying it through into action where formerly they have only talked about it.

Finally, in one place, he had the interesting experience of being dressed in the tribal robes, as a chief, and being royally entertained by this wild tribe in a remote part of the country. In another section he had this unusual experience:

Governor-general arranged a meeting for delegates from all parts of Zayende Rude (the river that I operated in June and saved crops for many villages). A large delegation gathered to thank me for what I had done and am doing for them. I talked to them for half an hour and explained the work we are starting. In response, their spokesman, a prince of the old dynasty, said, "With tears in our eyes we thank you. We

(Concluded on page 374)

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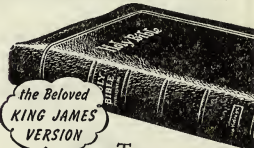


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FROM SAGEBRUSH TO SAND DUNES

(Concluded from page 373)

have been waiting for many years for the American prophet who would come to deliver us and now you are here. God bless and protect you and keep you safe to complete the mighty works you have begun."

HARD as the work has been, difficult as has been the enforced separation from family and Church, Professor Winsor has been sustained in his work, for he has realized that he is doing an essential job, vital in helping the progress of a potentially great people and nation. He has been able to see some of the Latter-day Saints who have traveled to Iran with the armed forces of the United States. He mentions having been particularly happy to renew acquaintance with Colonel Paul and also of meeting three soldiers from Utah and Arizona and taking them to his room where they held a sacrament meeting. The next Sunday they repeated it with eight in attendance, and plans were perfected to continue their Sunday observances so long as the soldiers remained.

The building of dams, tunnels, new riverbeds, and water mains, have all been routine parts of Professor Winsor's work. In order to do this work, he has traveled on foot, by plane, on horseback, and by jeep, as well as by boat, so that he could know first hand the problems involved.

The conclusion of those who learn about his work must be that which Professor Winsor himself makes:

... I . . . am carrying on many other developments that have lain dormant these

WHO WAS "UNCLE JOHN SMITH"?

(Continued from page 337)

sons, we find that only four of them joined the Mormon Church, and Uncle John was the only one of them who lived to emigrate to Utah. His three children remained faithful to the Church and migrated to the West also, and now his descendants have attained the status of a mighty multitude. In a little over one hundred years from the time Uncle John joined the Church, his descendants have reached the number of approximately one thousand persons. Among the group are many of the most stalwart members of the Church of Jesus Christ, filling positions of trust and importance as General Authorities and in stakes and wards.

Uncle John Smith's eldest son, George Albert—commonly known as George A. Smith—distinguished himself during the pioneer period of Utah history as one of the greatest builders of colonies and as an ardent Church leader:

Wherever there was a colonial project of great importance, Apostle George A. Smith was sure to be at its center. He is known to our generation not only because of his large physical stature, but his spiritual stature was of equal proportions. He filled many missions for the Church, served as an apostle for twenty-nine years, and was first counselor to President Brigham Young from 1868 to 1875. At the time of his death, the Mormon leader remarked:

I have known Brother George A. Smith for forty-two years, have traveled and labored in the ministry with him for many years, and have believed him to be as faithful a boy and man as ever lived; and, in my opinion, he has as good a record on this and the other side of the veil as any man."⁸

George A.'s son, John Henry Smith, was also choice "fruit." For approximately thirty years he served the Church faithfully as an apostle and climaxed his long term of Church service in the capacity of second counselor in the First Presidency during the last year and a half of his life. In addition to his Church work, he figured prominently in the political affairs of the state, serving as Salt Lake City councilman, a member of the Territorial Legislature, and as president of the Constitutional Convention, and several times a member of the Irrigation and the Trans-Mississippi Congress. At the time of the passage of the Edmund-Tucker law, he and others were sent to Washington, D.C.

The most prominent descendant of Uncle John Smith who is alive today is President George Albert Smith, son of

many centuries. The archives are full of reports by eminent engineers, but it remained for a humble sagebrush Mormon actually to carry the work forward into reality. It gives one a thrill to be working over again the ground that was trod by the ancient prophets and to put the water back into the ditches that have been dry so many long centuries.

John Henry and Sarah Farr Smith. President Smith has devoted practically all of his energies to Church service since his early manhood. He began his ecclesiastical career in 1892, when he was called on a mission to the Southern States. There he served for two years as mission secretary under the late J. Golden Kimball. From 1919 to 1921, he was president of the European Mission. For nearly forty-two years he served efficiently as a member of the Council of the Twelve, to which position he was called in 1903. During the past two years, following the death of President Rudger Clawson in June, 1943, he has been president of that body. On Monday, May 21, 1945, Brother Smith was sustained as President of the Church at a special meeting of the Council of the Twelve held in the temple. He succeeded President Heber J. Grant. President Smith selected J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and David O. McKay as his counselors, the same men who had served faithfully as President Grant's counselors.

Among President Smith's numerous accomplishments are those pertaining to scouting, the M.I.A., and the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association, being the leading spirit behind the organization of the latter. He has won international recognition in scouting, serving as a member of the nation executive committee. In 1934 he was awarded the silver buffalo, highest scouting honor, along with Newton D. Baker, former secretary of war, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Paul Percy Harris. President Smith devoted thirteen years of service (1921-1934) as general superintendent of the Young Men's Improvement Association. He has also been actively identified with the Oregon Trail Memorial Association and Sons of the American Revolution. At present, he is vice president of the American Pioneer Trails Association and vice president general of the S.A.R.

President Smith is known throughout the entire Church for his lovable, affable, and genuinely Christian character. He, like his great-grandfather, is a "Man of God," a Saint indeed.

His son, George Albert Smith, Jr., has also attained prominence. He is at the present time assistant dean at the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard University. Greatness has come down through five generations—Uncle John Smith, George A. John Henry, George Albert, and George Albert, Jr. The latter four are examples of the "fruits" of Uncle John Smith.

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⁸Cited in Jensen, op. cit., 42

Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. Generations yet unborn shall rise to bless the name of the Prophet Joseph's uncle.

LET us now give an example wherein a recent writer confused Uncle John Smith with another John Smith. Dr. Daryl Chase in his recent book, *Joseph the Prophet*, was endeavoring—to quote his words—to show that

In the Restored Church the Prophet provided ecclesiastical courts to protect the innocent and to expel the unrepentant evil doer. Without fear or favor men were dropped from their apostleship to that of rank and file. Close blood relationship to the Prophet did not place one outside channels of Church courts. His Uncle John Smith and his nephew Eden were loved by the Prophet, but they were not amenable to the duly constituted authorities above them; and when they moved to a new branch of the Church they attempted to assume their former positions of authority. Letters were written at once to compel obedience to the action taken by the Church court—one to John Smith and his son, and another to members of the Church at Eugene where they recently had moved.⁹

Dr. Chase then quotes significant excerpts from those two letters.

It was quite natural and very easy for the writer to make the error of confusing the two John Smiths since on page 348 of Volume 1, of the *Documentary History of the Church* the Prophet announces the arrival at Kirtland of his "uncle, John Smith." The very next time we find the name of John Smith in the same book is twenty-two pages later where the Church standing of John Smith and his son, Eden, is brought into question. In the letter to the Church at Eugene, the Prophet remarked: "You will see by this, brethren, that you have authority to sit in council on the Smiths; and if found guilty, to deal with them accordingly."¹⁰ Not knowing that Uncle

John Smith never had a son named Eden and the record not indicating that another John Smith had come into the story since the Prophet had been talking about his uncle, Dr. Chase naturally assumed—as any writer might have done—that they were the same John Smith.

Then who were Eden and this other John Smith? The writer of this article searched the Church archives rather thoroughly for information regarding them and can state definitely that this John Smith was not the uncle of the Prophet, and it seems that he was not even a relative. We find that in 1831, which was a few months before Uncle John Smith joined the Church, the John Smith in question and his son, Eden, were on a missionary tour and were still on that mission at the time of the baptism of the Prophet's uncle early in 1832.¹¹ In March and also in May of 1832, the *Journal History of the Church* describes their missionary activities. More than a year elapsed before the presidency of the Church wrote to them as follows:

Kirtland, July 2nd, 1833

Brother John Smith:

... You will recollect that previous to your leaving this place, you were tried before the Bishop's court, which found you guilty of misdemeanor, and decided that you should no longer retain your authority in the Church; . . . but you did not manifest that degree of humility to the brethren that was required, but remained obstinate; for that reason God withdrew His Spirit from you, and left you in darkness. . . . It seems also that your son, Eden, is confederate with you, and needs to be reprov'd, together with yourself, in all humility before the Lord, or you must expect to be dealt with according to the laws of the Church. We say you are no more than a private member in the Church.

Joseph Smith, Jun.,
F. G. Williams,
Presidents¹²

To the Church at Eugene (John

Smith's home branch), the Prophet wrote on that same day as follows:

Dear Brethren:

It is truly painful to be under the necessity of writing on a subject which engages our attention at this time, viz.: the case of John Smith, and Eden Smith, his son. We have just received a letter from you concerning their standing in the Church. We do not hold them in fellowship. We would inform you that John Smith has been dealt with, and his authority taken from him; and you are required not to receive his teachings, but to treat him as a transgressor, until he repents and humbles himself before the Lord, to the entire satisfaction of the Church; and also, you have authority to call a conference, and sit in judgment on Eden's case, and deal with him as the law directs. . . .

Joseph Smith, Jun.,
Sidney Rigdon,
F. G. Williams

This is the last mention in the records that I have found regarding John Smith. It is quite possible that he did not repent sufficiently to regain his Church standing. But not so with his son Eden Smith. Previous to the trouble at Eugene, the Lord had given a revelation to the Prophet Joseph (February 16, 1832) in which Eden was called to do missionary work.¹³ A month later the Lord revealed as follows:

Verily, thus saith the Lord unto my servant Stephen Burnett: Go ye, go ye into the world and preach the gospel to every creature that cometh under the sound of your voice. And inasmuch as you desire a companion, I will give unto you my servant Eden Smith.¹⁴

The records show that Elder Eden Smith remained faithful to the Church even after the trouble at Eugene. In 1843, he was actively engaged in missionary work.¹⁵ Thus we see that ten years after his Church standing had been called in question, Eden was in good standing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

⁹Daryl Chase, *Joseph the Prophet*, p. 75.

¹⁰Joseph Smith, *Documentary History of the Church*, Vol. 1, pp. 370-371.

¹¹*Journal History of the Church*, December 10, 1831; February 10, 1832.

¹²Joseph Smith, *op. cit.*

¹³Doctrine and Covenants 75:36.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, 80:1-2.

¹⁵*Journal History of the Church*, April 10, 1843.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Concluded from page 349)

for the accomplishment of his purposes. The descendants of Abraham did become a nation, at one time among the foremost on earth. But, later the Israelitish nation was obliterated; the tribes of Jacob have practically vanished. Nevertheless, history seems to show that by a wide scattering over the earth, Abraham's blood may be found in every nation¹⁶; and thereby, whenever the gospel is accepted, the promise of the covenant is fulfilled.

This partial fulfilment of prophecy has led many earnest people, believers in the Bible, to examine historical data, with a view of tracing the course of Israelitish blood among the nations. The British-Israel movement is foremost in the search. An impressive mass of in-

formation has been and is being gathered by them. If their findings are correct, which show the location on earth of the preponderance of Israelitish blood, then the restored gospel has been accepted most readily in the nations where the blood of Abraham is most dominant—among the British and North Europeans.

Unfortunately, many persons have become too enthusiastic and have been tempted to bend their findings to their desires, and to other matters than those contained in the covenant. Others, unacquainted with the gospel and its course on earth, have made a near religion of the search.

With the blood of Abraham in our veins, it should perhaps be easier for us to accept the gospel; but if we have none, if we are "pure gentile," yet accept the truth of the gospel, and make the required covenants, every good

thing implied in Abraham's blessing will be ours. We are then, because of our obedience, lawful children of Abraham.¹⁷

Latter-day Saints are called a covenant people, because, under the authority of the priesthood, they have covenanted with God, by baptism and other ordinances, to obey the requirements of the plan of salvation and to give their strength to the spread of righteousness over the world. They are further called a covenant people because they accept the gospel of Abraham, and therefore claim the blessings of the Lord's covenant with Abraham.

We have received much in obtaining the gospel of Jesus Christ; we must give much, in personal obedience and in spreading the truth among the nations, to be a really covenant people.—J.A.W.

(See also, George Reynolds, *Are We of Israel?* Stephen Malan, *The Ten Tribes*.)

¹⁶Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, p. 150

Your Page and Ours

Dear Editors:

We appreciate the opportunity of being a family subscriber to *The Improvement Era* and of reading "The Voice of the Church."

It is with special interest that we enjoy the articles, "A Mormon Wife—The Life Story of Augusta Winters Grant," by her daughter, Mary Grant Judd. Just as our four children love to hear their great-grandfather, Peter Munk (age 100 years), relate early pioneer experiences, so they love to read the character-building and faith-promoting incidents in the life of Augusta Grant.

As parents, we feel there is great strength and power in a firsthand appreciation of the lives of our Mormon pioneers—a guidance that is most stimulating in these challenging times.

Sincerely,

Mrs. R. C. Anderson

Manti, Utah

Put in His Place

Farmer: "Getting your saddle on backwards, ain't yuh?"
Farm Guest: "That's all you know about it, smarty. You don't even know which way I'm going."

Wild Guess

Teacher: "Freddy, can you tell the class what a sawhorse is?"
Freddy: "I ain't sure, teacher, but I guess it's the past tense of sea horse."

Powerful

"Look, daddy," said a little six-year-old, "I pulled this cornstalk right up all by myself."
"My, but you are strong," said her father.
"I guess I am, daddy. The whole world had hold of the other end of it."

All Cut

"The doctor charged me ten dollars and told me I must drink lots of water and get out more."
"Are you out more?"
"No, just ten dollars."

Overhauled

She: "So you're late because you had your car overhauled?"
He: "Yes, honey, by some smart speed cop."

Misplaced Kindness

Mr. Billerton, the butcher, was a jovial soul. As he was cutting up an order of lamb chops for a lady customer she asked curiously: "Mr. Billerton, what led you to choose your present occupation?"
"Well, really, I don't know, ma'am," explained Mr. Billerton. "Maybe it was because I have always been fond of animals."

Honest About It

"I want a nice book for an invalid," the lady said to the librarian.
"Something religious?"
"Why, er, no, not now. You see he's a convalescent."

More Alphabet

"Do you write for that magazine any more?"
"No, not since the editor sent my copy back marked N. S. F."
"How come?"
"Not Sufficiently Funny."

"Don't you find my article original?" inquired the ambitious young would-be authoress.
"Very," replied the editor, "especially the spelling."

Student (being arrested): "But, officer, I'm a student!"
Officer: "Ignorance is no excuse."

The Passerby (to motorist at roadside who is red in the face and pop-eyed from pumping up a tire): "What's the matter? Have a puncture?"

Motorist (after counting ten): "No. I just thought it would be a good idea to change the air in this tire."

She: "When we go anywhere now we have to take the street car. Before our marriage you always called a taxi."
He: "Exactly! And that's the reason we have to go in the street car now."

Dear Editors:

AFTER a long and patient wait, the November and December *Eras* arrived. I thought that they would never get here. . . . I lack the means of expressing just how much the *Era* means to me. I look forward to receiving each issue. They just don't come fast enough.

As I sit back and read, I can picture myself near the rear of the tabernacle partaking of the spirit of the Lord, as his devoted servants take their turn giving encouragement and counsel for each of us. Thanks to the *Era*!

Sirs, what would the additional fee be to have the *Era* sent by airmail? This waiting for each issue is awful.

Here in this area we have two nice organizations going, meeting each Sunday at 2 p.m. and each Wednesday at 7 p.m. We made arrangements to use the Central Church of Christ's chapel which is centrally located. Then we have put up signs along the various roads giving the information and direction. The average attendance is about thirty-five persons, several of whom are nonmembers. Just recently, one of our group received a Liberation Ribbon from the Philippine government.

Sincerely yours,

Sgt. Byron H. Larson

Dear Editors:

LAST evening Chaplain G. L. Ericksen visited our Church services for the purpose of baptizing two young men into the Church, and to attend a special meeting at which our group was organized and group leaders set apart. We had a wonderful meeting and were glad to welcome these two young men into the Church.

Very truly yours,
Grant R. Lamb, PhM/1c

Many Are Like Her

Kitty: "You mustn't believe everything you hear."
Catty: "I don't, but I sure like to repeat it."

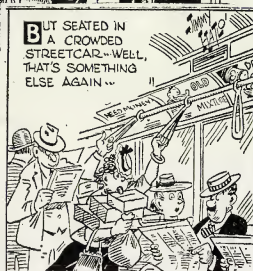
High Finance

"What do you make a week?" asked a judge of the organ grinder.
"Twenty dollars, your honor."
"What? Twenty dollars for grinding an organ?"
"No, your honor, not for da grind—for da shut up and go away."

Mum's the Word

Woman (to new maid): "When you wait on the table at dinner this evening, don't spill anything."
Maid: "No, ma'am, I won't say a word."

They'll Do It Every Time!



THE customer who's always right . . . the ill-mannered man on the bus line . . . the guests who always come at the wrong time . . . all these and the others who create life's bad moments find their places in another of the daily features enjoyed by readers of The Salt Lake Tribune. It's Jimmy Hatlo's true-to-life cartoons titled "They'll Do It Every Time."

Here is one of the 73 features presented through the Salt Lake Tribune . . . a daily cross-section of interests, hobbies, people and ideas found only in The Salt Lake Tribune.

The
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Homemade JAMS and JELLIES HELP THE FAMILY FOOD SUPPLY!



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Homemade jams and jellies are rich in energy and help relieve wartime shortages of other rich foods, are more economical as spreads than butter or margarine, and save "points." Make yours the quick, easy, economical way with M.C.P. PECTIN—the pectin that **saves you time, work, sugar and fruit . . . assures** finest quality jams and jellies with **natural** fruit flavor.

USE THIS RECIPE FOR FRESH BERRY JAM!

6 Cups Ground Berries
(Any Variety)
8½ Cups Sugar
1 Package M.C.P. Pectin


Wash, stem and grind 3 quarts fully ripe berries, or crush completely one layer at a time so that each berry is reduced to pulp. Measure exactly 6 level cups crushed berries, (add water to fill out last cup, if necessary), into a large kettle. Add M.C.P. Pectin, stir well and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. NOW, add the sugar (which has been previously measured), mix well and bring to a full rolling boil. **BOIL EXACTLY 4 MINUTES.** Remove from fire, let boil subside, stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes. Pour into sterilized jars, allowing ½-inch space for sealing with fresh paraffin.

(NOTE: For Strawberry Jam, add ¼ cup lemon juice to each 6 cups crushed berries.)



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